

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MAY 13, 1957

a Time Inc. weekly publication

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MAY 13, 1957
Volume 6, Number 19

Acknowledgments on page 47

COVER: BILLY PIERCE OF THE WHITE SOX
Photograph by Richard Meek

The trim young man in the gray flannel suit and the four rare trout flies which share this week's cover with him are both something special. Chicago's Billy Pierce is one of baseball's best pitchers; the flies—which still catch fish—are the forefathers of all trout flies today.

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BEGINNING: THE LADY AND THE TROUT

In the 15th century, the literature of angling began with an extraordinary man. An universal historian, ALFRED DUGGAN, introduces Dame Juliana Berners.

THE BABY COMES INTO HIS OWN

From Luge's Derby, a triumph of courage and skill. By WHITNEY TOWER

HOW YOU, WILLIE?

Guest Author CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN captures the charm of Derby time

A PUNCH FOR HISTORY

The incredible Sugar Ray is again middleweight champ. By MARTIN KANE

HIGH WIRE TO THE GLACIER WORLD

A skiing adventure, IN COLOR, and the Postluser Sportman in Chamonix

CHICAGO'S GO-SOX GO AGAIN

If not the team to beat, at least they were the team to catch. By ROY TERNER

ITALIAN OUEL

A PREVIEW of the year's first big European road race, by WILLIAM ROSPIGLIOSI, with a gallery of the world's finest drivers. IN COLOR

'RACING IS A VICE'

A dashing jockey driver, ALFONSO DE PORTAGO, enlarges his sport

FOUL WEATHER AND FAIR

There's a brand-new sporting look for sailors—and here it is

THE DEPARTMENTS

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NEXT WEEK

ST. LOUIS CLASSIC

The elegant Bridlespur Horse Show in color, and a talk with the eminent sportsman, August Busch Jr., by Gerald Holland

PLUS

**A FOUR-PAGE COLOR SPECTACLE:
DETROIT, METROPOLIS OF BOATS**



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



LAST MONTH Managing Editor Sidney L. James received a letter from Mr. Larry Newman, Awards Chairman of the Overseas Press Club of America.

"SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's coverage of the Olympic Games in Melbourne and Cortina," it read, "has been chosen for a top Overseas Press Club award for 1956 for the magnificent and exhaustive coverage of those events. Specifically, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was named Number One in the category for best magazine reporting of events involving persons, places or things beyond the 48 states of the United States.

"My congratulations to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED go to you, along with the unanimous approval of the Awards Committee."

At the Club's 18th Annual Awards Dinner last Monday evening at New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Editor James proudly accepted, for his staff, the plaque reproduced here.

Last December, in Melbourne, the Olympics brought SPORTS ILLUSTRATED quite a different honor. That was when 40 members of the Hungarian and Rumanian Olympic teams of their own accord appealed to our representative for help in finding their way to freedom from Communist tyranny.

I am happy here to bring that story up to date and to be able to report that all of those Olympians (save five, who for personal reasons have returned to Europe) are now satisfactorily resettled in homes and schools or jobs of their choice.

The inspiring experience with the Hungarian Olympians and the award from the Overseas Press Club seem to me to express clearly why SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, in reporting the essentially entertaining world of sport, can bring to this assignment a sense not only of pleasure but of journalistic responsibility.

Harry Phillips



**Jimmy
Jemail's**

HOTBOX

The Questions:

*Should a
golfer
concede a putt?*

HARRY HOFFITT



President, PGA

No. By holing out, you are bound to become a better putter and, consequently, a better player. By conceding putts you may develop a laziness which can become a mental hazard when a player really needs to sink a short putt in an important match or tournament.

RICHARD S. TUFTS



President, USGA

In stroke play all putts must be holed. But in match play you may concede a putt, so it's quite in order to require that all putts be holed. If a player feels able to hole a putt, why should he object if asked to do so? Furthermore, if he is uncertain, he should expect to hole it.

MRS. JOSEPH WALKER



Unionville, Pa.

Yes, sometimes, since a good golfer will sink all the short putts, anyway. It's standard procedure with many

golfers to concede a putt if it is shorter than the distance from the club head to where the leather starts. I concede for good sportsmanship and it speeds up the game.

LARRY ROBINSON



*N.Y. World-Telegram
& Sun
Veteran golf writer*

No. It's better to putt them all out. When the overgenerous concedes plays the undergenerous type, a lot of ill feeling often results. The overgenerous guy will repeatedly concede putts. Then, when he has a 14-incher, his opponent may very well look the other way.

MRS. HENRY A. GERRY



Greenwich, L.I., N.Y.

No. I've seen many good golfers miss short putts that could have been conceded. I don't believe in conceding

anything. Play it out. That's golf. Sure, sportsmanship is fine, but it's better sportsmanship for my opponent to sink a putt than it is for me to concede it.

HOWARD R. GILL JR.



*Easton, Ill.
Editor and publisher
Golf Digest*

No. Years ago, Walter Hagen beat Leo Diegel out of the PGA Championship with that technique. He would concede putt after putt, some of them six-footers. Then, at the last hole, when Diegel had a two-footer, Hagen turned away. Leo was so burned up that he missed the putt.

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COMING EVENTS

May 10 through May 19

FRIDAY, MAY 10

Boxing

- Lee Lopez vs. Carlos Ortiz, welterweights (10 rds.),
- Sylvester N.Y., 12 p.m. (NBC)

Boats

- Paces Cayuga Short Horse Races, \$1,500. Fort Stockton, Texas (through May 12)

Shooting

- 47th Annual Amateur Trapshoot Championships of America, Jones Island, Putnam County, N.Y. (through May 12)

Tennis

- Pro matches: Rosenwald vs. Gonzalez: Montpelier

Track & Field

- Southern Conference Outdoor Championships, Wilmington, Va. (through May 11)

SATURDAY, MAY 11

Auto Racing

- The Main Event: Briscoe Italy (through May 12)
- NASCAR: Royal 100-mile Stock Car/Convertible Championship Race, Darlington, S.C.

Baseball

- Chicago Cubs vs. Cincinnati: Chicago 2:25 p.m. (NBC)
- St. Louis vs. Milwaukee: St. Louis 2:35 p.m. (CBS)

Boating

- American Trophy Sailing Race, Kings Point, N.Y. (through May 12)

- Eastern State Golfing Championships, Oxbow River, Newmarket, Mass. (through May 12)

Cycling

- Adams Cup Regatta, Philadelphia

- California, UCLA and Wisconsin, Oakland Estuary, Calif.

- Canyon Cup Regatta: Black N.Y., Columbia, MIT and Rutgers, New York

- Goldenside Cup Regatta (1501), Cambridge, Mass.

- James Mathews Cup (1000), Philadelphia

- Regatta vs. MIT (1000), Annapolis, Md.

Rowing

- National Team Headcap Championships, Detroit (through May)

Dog Show

- Springfield Kennel Club, West Springfield, Mass.

Golf

- Eastern Interstate Championships, Annapolis, Md. (through May 11)

Horse Racing

- Oklahoma's National Handicap, \$25,000, 3-year-olds & up, 1:11.16 m. Bas Meadows, Calif.

- Oklahoma Stakes, \$25,000, 3-year-olds colts and geldings, 1:11.16 m. Hollywood Park, Calif., 8:30 p.m. (NBC)

- Oklahoma Valley Stakes, \$25,000, 3-year-olds & up, 1:11.16 m. Golden Gate Park, N.J.

- Great Handicap, \$25,000, 3-year-olds & up, 1:11.16 m., 8:30 p.m. (CBS)

- Long Egg Handicap, \$10,000, 3-year-olds & up, 1:11.16 m., 8:30 p.m. (NBC)

- Louisiana Handicap, \$10,000, 3-year-olds & up, 1:11.16 m., Churchill Downs, Ky.

Hunt Racing

- Red Fox Hunt Club, Malvern, Pa.

- Voluntyer State Hunt Club's Ann. Nantuxville, Tenn.

Leisure

- Kemp vs. Duke: West Point, N.Y.

- Cappel vs. Penn: Ithaca, N.Y.

- Holiba vs. Lupton: Hempstead, N.Y.

- John Hopkins vs. Navy: Baltimore

- Virginia vs. the Washingtons: Charlottesville vs. Yale vs. Princeton: New Haven, Conn.

Sports Carnival

- Missouri Valley Conference Spring Sports Carnival (golf, tennis and track & field events), final day: Tulsa.

Track & Field

- 31st Annual West Coast Relays: Fresno, Calif.

SUNDAY, MAY 12

Dog Show

- Lancaster Kennel Club Show: Lancaster, Pa.

Horse Show

- Sandy Point Horse Show: Fort Washington, N.H.

MONDAY, MAY 13

Boxing

- Tony Di Biase vs. Jimmy Ascher, welterweights (10 rds.),
- Nick's, New York 10:30 p.m. (DelMonte)

Horse Racing

- Central Stakes, \$15,000, 3-year-olds 88 lbs., 6 f., Baltimore, Md.

Tennis

- Pro matches: Rosenwald vs. Gonzalez: Whiting, Md., Canada

*See local listing. continued

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COMING EVENTS

continued

TUESDAY, MAY 14

- Boxing**
Jody Cutler vs. Chris Veger, middleweights (17 lbs.), Oakland, Calif.
- Horse Racing**
Gene Col Stakes: \$15,000, 3-year-old fillies & f., Hollywood Park, Calif.
- Loose**
Reggie vs. Penn State, New Brunswick, N.J.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15

- Boxing**
• Eddie Ford vs. Rocky Castellani, middleweights (170 lbs.), Chicago, Ill. (ABC)
- Horse Racing**
Riverside Stakes: \$15,000, 3-year-old fillies, 5 f., Garden State Park, N.J.
The Black Eyed Susan: \$20,000, 3-year-old fillies, 11 f., Pomfret, Md.
The Champagne: \$20,000, 3-year-olds & up (fillies and mares) 5 f., Jamaica, N.Y.
- Loose**
Colgate vs. Cortlandt Hamilton, N.Y.
Harvard vs. Williams, Cambridge, Mass.
Penn vs. Colgate, Philadelphia.
Syracuse vs. Cornell, Ithaca, N.Y.

THURSDAY, MAY 16

- Boxing**
Bob Fitzsimmons vs. Frankie Danach, heavyweights (160 lbs.), Sacramento.
- Tennis**
Pro matches: Rensselaer vs. Gonzales, Detroit (through May 17).

FRIDAY, MAY 17

- Auto Racing**
NASCAR Late Model Convertible Division Race, Charlotte, N.C.
National SCCA Race, Cambridge, Md. (through May 15).
- Boxing**
• Tony Canale vs. Billy Calves, middleweights (160 lbs.), Cleveland, Ill. (NBC)
- Dog Show**
Poodle Club of America, Garden City, N.Y.
- Horse Racing**
Mr. Zia Handicap: \$15,000, 3-year-olds & up, 1 1/16 m., Pimlico, Md.
- Tennis**
Big South Conference Championships, Lincoln, Neb. (through May 16).
- Track & Field**
Big South Conference Outdoor Championships, Lincoln, Neb. (through May 16).

SATURDAY, MAY 18

- Baseball**
• New York Yankees vs. Detroit Tigers, New York, 1 p.m. (CBS)
- Washington Senators vs. Cleveland Indians, Washington, D.C., 1:30 p.m. (NBC)
- Boxing**
(Cont.)
• E & C Heavyweight Sprint Championship, Princeton, N.J.
• Michael Tughray Regatta, San Pedro Harbor, Calif.
• Shoshone Cup Regatta, Philadelphia.
• Washington vs. California, Seattle.
- Horse Racing**
Brooklyn Manor Stakes: \$10,000, 2-year-old colts and geldings, 1 f., Churchill Downs, Ky.
Riverside Stakes: \$15,000, 3-year-old fillies, 5 f., Garden State Park, N.J.
Lt. Sable Handicap: \$20,000, 3-year-olds & up, 6 f., Belmont, Ill.
• Los Angeles Handicap: \$50,000, 3-year-olds & up, 7 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.
- The Prospector: \$20,000, 3-year-olds 3 1/2 f., Pomfret, Md., 5:30 p.m. (CBS)
- The Million: \$25,000, 3-year-olds & up, 6 f., Jamaica, N.Y.
- Hunt Racing**
Riverside Fox Hunting Club, Hialeah, Fla.
- Loose**
Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge, Mass.
Maryland vs. Johns Hopkins, College Park, Md.
Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton, N.J.
Syracuse vs. Cornell, Ithaca, N.Y.
- Track & Field**
Regional Games, New Haven, Conn.

SUNDAY, MAY 19

- Auto Racing**
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Martinsville, Va.
- Dog Shows**
Long Island Kennel Club Show, Locust Valley, N.Y.
Tulsa Kennel Club Show, Broken, Okla.
- Fishing**
Saratoga County International Tackle Tournament, Saratoga, N.Y. (through August 15).

*See Local Listing

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THE BABY STARTED AT 9,066 TO 1

From the pictures that the horse-owning story of an obscure colt who has become one of the fastest favorites in this year's Kentucky Derby

On March 10, 1954 Sports Illustrated's Prince of Wales, George Duke, and the famous horse photographer, Bill, arrived at Calumet Farm, and posing in a picture from the Kentucky Derby.

that year. To the famous, Prince of Wales, and the famous horse photographer, Bill, arrived at Calumet Farm, and posing in a picture from the Kentucky Derby.



THE SHORT but successful story of Iron Liege runs parallel to that of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. At 12:56 a.m. on March 11, 1954 a photographer on special assignment from the planned but as yet



unborn and unnamed magazine was taking pictures of the foaling of Iron Liege at Calumet. Periodically other photographers were assigned to document the colt's upbringing, and the unique step-

THE BABY COMES

Iron Liege took over when his injured big brother had to stay in the barn—and won his

THERE WAS A very special atmosphere of excitement, puzzlement and even a high-powered injection of pathos to last week's 83rd running of the Kentucky Derby. The drama began—unbeknownst to anyone—one late March afternoon at Florida's Gulfstream Park when Calumet Farm's Gen. Duke may have stepped, by chance, on a little stone as he ripped around that speed track in a world-record performance, and it came to its tingling climax amid the roars of nearly 100,000 spectators at Churchill Downs when Gen. Duke's winter shadow, the beautiful bay, Iron Liege, perfected the role of substitute for the stable's star

and won one of the most dramatic Derbies of them all.

The puzzlement and pathos were never absent during the five-week interval between the stone-stepping incident and the brilliant finish in which Gen. Duke's regular rider and No. 1 admiral, Willie Hartack, outrode and outlasted Willie Shoemaker on Gallant Man to win the big one by the threadbare margin of one little nose. This Derby had it all: melodrama before, during and after the race.

And nobody was more aware of it at any time than Calumet owner Mrs. Gene Markey, who, eight days before the race, at a time when knowledgeable turfmen were



by-step life story from foaling barn to Derby hopeful was printed in the Feb. 23, 1957 issue. Whatever turns the career of Iron Liege has still to take, last week it reached the most glorious

climax a Thoroughbred can know: a desperate, courageous, photo-finish victory in the Kentucky Derby (above). For more early pictures of the newest Calumet Derby winner see pages 14-17.

INTO HIS OWN

Derby with a show of blazing courage onlookers will never forget

by WHITNEY TOWER

awarding the Derby to her on past performance alone, told her farm manager, Paul Ebelhardt: "This is going to be a tough Derby, Paul—real tough. Tougher than a lot of people think."

Five days later at Churchill Downs, in the one-mile Derby Trial, Mrs. Markey and Ebelhardt had still further reason to believe the Derby was going to be tough: the sprinting demon Federal Hill romped off with the race, but Gen. Duke, even in finishing second, hardly inspired confidence among Calumet supporters. And worse yet, Iron Liege wound up next to last with no possible excuse.

To anyone familiar with the Trainer Joneses' remarkable habit of losing the minor races but winning the big ones, this pre-Derby chain of events was old hat. Except that even the Joneses wore more worried looks than ever before, and you just couldn't believe they were merely playing an old familiar game.

After the Trial they gave out the big news that many already suspected: Gen. Duke had indeed gone wrong. He was suffering from a slight internal stone bruise in an area about halfway up the wall of the hoof in his left forefoot

continued

THE BABY COMES INTO HIS OWN

continued

(see diagram page 17). The bruise, said a deeply depressed Jimmy, might heal itself by Derby Day, but it looked doubtful. As this startling news boosted the hopes of rival owners and trainers, it also presented Jones with a difficult decision which he alone would have to make. Should he run his big horse anyway, thereby taking a serious chance of incurring a further and more damaging injury—or should he scratch? Jones met the problem head-on: "A horse has but one day in his life to run in the Kentucky Derby and I sure hate to see a good one like Gen. Duke have to miss it. But a man has to think of the future in this game and Gen. Duke will have lots of other chances even if he doesn't get to go in the race we want most." Jones also took time during his days of trial to consider the plight of the 82 better, thousands of whom—unless notified as to the exact status of Gen. Duke early on Derby Day morning—would begin pouring money into the till on Calumet's entry of Gen. Duke and Iron Ledge with the full conviction that the Duke was considered well enough to run in the race and well enough to win it.

Jimmy wrestled with the problem through Derby eve, and then, after breezing the colt a quarter of a mile the day of the race, came the decision: the Duke won't run. The verdict was announced 16 minutes before the betting opened, on a raw and windy morning at 9:30.

Throughout the trying days of Gen. Duke's celebrated foot trouble the rest of the Derby camps bristled with optimism. And even at Calumet nobody was ready to give up on Iron Ledge, who went through his workouts so encouragingly that the only way to explain away his miserable showing in the Trial was to use the horseman's prerogative in such circumstances and simply get out of it by saying, "His race was too bad to be true. Throw it out altogether. He's got to be better than that."

At Bold Ruler's barn Wheatley Stable's foreman Bart Sweeney was taking no chances. He politely allied his way out of having the Flamingo and Wood winner bed

down in Stall No. 10, hurriedly led Bold Ruler to neighboring Stall No. 9. The alibi: No. 10 didn't look as comfortable as No. 9. The real reason, explained Bart, "We had Nashua in No. 10, and he lost his Derby."

Elsewhere, too, the tension mounted. So did the hopes. When Gallant Man's regular jockey, Johnny Choquette, was given a 10-day suspension. Trainer Johnny Nerd signed up the great Willie Shoemaker, a Derby winner aboard Swaps and a confident young man acknowledged to be one of the most accomplished riders in the business. A lot of smart money said Shoemaker, in the clutch, could mean the difference between victory and defeat for Gallant Man. Federal Hall's backers believed the theory that at long last this speed ball would go out and steal the race by killing off the opposition early, and lasting—somehow—the full mile and a quarter. Said his trainer, Milton Reiser, with less enthusiasm, "If any other horse tries to run with Federal Hall neither will win it. And I don't know if he'll go the distance. We'll see."

The first mile of the race was run just about the way the experts figured it: Federal Hall out in front, tieling off the first quarter in a blistering :23 3/5, the half in :47, three-quarters in 1:11 2/5 and the mile in a highly respectable 1:36 4/5 over a track which, although labeled "fast," was cuppy indeed. Never more than a length and a half behind him during this early running was Iron Ledge, under a tight Hartack hold, and then came Bold Ruler, just about where Eddie Arcaro wanted him, and, as he later said, "With plenty of horse under me I felt we were doing O.K." Gallant Man, meanwhile, had been back in seventh place for three quarters, but Shoe got into him then and they were fifth with a quarter of a mile to go and really starting to roll. It was starting into the far turn and going into the stretch turn that things started happening. Arcaro had been doing a fairly successful job of rating Bold Ruler, even though the colt tried to run out a bit on the first turn, but now, with the serious business of the day at hand, he ran into real trouble. "I started to make a move on the leaders," said Eddie, "but suddenly he bobbed a few times with me and I realized he was dead by the

THE DAYS HE WAITED FOR FAME . . .



THE MEMORABLE SERIES of photos above, taken by Ylla in 1934, shows this year's Kentucky Derby winner a few seconds after foaling as he cuddles close to his mother (1) in the foaling



ham at Jevly Calumet Farm in Lexington, Kentucky. Moments later the colt makes a shaky, unsuccessful attempt to stand (2). Now on all fours (3), the baby is at Iron Maiden's side, completely

time we hit the quarter pole. He didn't even run a good mile. Usually when I get him to make his move he'll go bang right by anything in front of him. But when I couldn't go up and get by anybody at the head of the stretch I knew I was through."

It was just about at the head of the stretch—with a quarter of a mile to go—when Hartack and Iron Liege took over the lead from the tiring Federal Hill, but Shoemaker and Gallant Man were moving along now in third place while Round Table was battling Bold Ruler for fourth. Suddenly, with only a furlong to go, it was a two-horse race: Iron Liege on the inside, with Hartack whipping left-handed and driving to the line, and Gallant Man gaining on him foot by foot. They stormed down this way to the 16th pole, moving almost as one. Gallant Man never seemed actually to be in front but they were head and head when, to the utter amazement of everyone watching him, Shoemaker rose in his irons and for barely a split second acted for all the world as though the race was over. For him, it turned out, it was. For, by the time he realized he had misjudged the finish line and had got back into his drive again, both colts were across the line—Iron Liege a nose in front in the closest Derby finish in years. As he stood in his irons for the second time Shoe yelled over to Hartack, "I think you got it." Hartack, not half as sure, galloped on so far that he didn't come back to the stands until the photo had confirmed Shoemaker's opinion. And all Shoemaker could add to the confusion surrounding his unexplainable action—for which he was immediately summoned before the stewards—was, "It was just one of those awful things you have nightmares about."

Alibis flew thick and fast after the race—with Shoemaker's error being seized upon as the most spectacular, especially by those who had to get stories out in a hurry. Gallant Man's trainer, Johnny Nerud, blamed the track rather than the jockey: "... that could happen to any rider. ... They got no business having all those poles the same color." He was saying it was easy to confuse the pole indicating the last sixteenth of a mile before the finish with the pole indicating the finish itself (but the Churchill



MRS. MACKAY, HARTACK WALK TRIUMPHANTLY, HAND IN HAND

Downs stewards took a dim view of Shoemaker's mistake, and suspended him for 15 days). However, a horse race is always full of incidents, though they don't all involve a jockey's judgment or happen in full view of the stands. Had Iron Liege not been shut off by the fading Federal Hill nearly half a mile from home, says Jimmy Jones, he would have won "by maybe a length and a half." Had Bold Ruler not felt fractious before the race and not gone wide on the first turn, he might have won. Had Gen. Duke not been scratched, he might well have won easily. But might-have-beens are only of academic interest in a horse race. The 88rd Derby, as usual, was won by the horse and rider which

continued



unaware that he is the object of photographic interest. Alone and upright (4), Iron Liege perkily watches activity about him. One year later, in the fields only 80 miles away from Churchill



Downs (5), colt shows friskiness as he romps with playmate in fields of bluegrass. One of 14 children sired by the famous Bull Lea, the colt was to grow to startle a nation by his will to win.

THE BABY COMES INTO HIS OWN

continued

proved themselves the best and bravest on that afternoon.

Back in the steamy jocks' room after the race there was a scene of utter bedlam as Hartack talked about his race and his horse to a pushing mob of reporters. On the opposite side of the room Arcaro was discussing his race, and at the far end, sitting quietly and smiling ever so faintly, was another young man who knows something about winning a Kentucky Derby. His name: Dave Erb, winner last year aboard Needles and the rider who has been aboard Iron Liege in his last seven starts this year. The eighth was to have been this Derby, but Jones ordered the switch to Hartack immediately upon deciding to take Gen. Duke out of the race. The other key figure in the drama—Willie Shoemaker—had quickly dressed and shipped away and off to California (where another admitted blunder cost him a defeat on Swaps to Porterhouse in last summer's \$100,000 Californian at Hollywood Park) just as fast as he could.

Hartack, his face wreathed in one happy smile after another, talked with the confidence that only comes to a Derby winner. "I'll admit," he said, "I wasn't sure Iron Liege could do it after seeing some of his races this spring. I really thought I'd need Gen. Duke to win it, and I guess if they raced it again I'd still have to take Gen. Duke. Today Iron Liege, though, ran gamier than I've ever seen him. When Gallant Man ran to me in the stretch, Iron Liege just gave another spurt, put out his neck and just kept digging on. I'm glad he made a bar out of me."

Arcaro, who admits he thought Gallant Man more of a threat than Iron Liege, could offer no real excuse for Bold Ruler's disappointing behavior (he eventually finished fourth, well beaten for show money by Round Table). "He certainly didn't run his race today, though. Why, hell, he's liked Iron Liege every other time they've met, but today he didn't even have enough run in him to move up and lap Federal Hill."

"I'll go along with that," said a jubilant Jimmy Jones as he washed down some of the victory-party dinner with

a man-sized gulp of champagne. "It's true that Iron Liege has trained up to this race very well, and I throw out his last race completely. But I also know—and so should everyone else—that Bold Ruler is a better horse than he showed in this race today."

Jones, whose box seat was right across from the 16th pole, said he didn't notice Shoemaker's blunder and that if it wasn't all that apparent it could hardly have cost Gallant Man the victory. The only real trouble Iron Liege got into, he added, was "when Federal Hill shut us off at the three-eighths pole." If Arcaro had been able to get up and lap Federal Hill at that point they would have had Hartack in a hind switch.

As the victory party drew to a close, Jimmy Jones spotted Farm Manager Paul Ebelhardt on his way out. "Well, you did it, Jimmy," said Paul. "It was terrific."

"Shucks," replied Jones, "you did it too, Paul. Thanks for Iron Liege. You just go back to the farm and see if you can dig up some more of those Iron Lieges for me to train. I can use all the Iron Lieges you can give me."

Iron Liege, in whom this magazine has a very special interest (see Feb. 25 issue) is now scheduled to go to Pimlico, along with Gen. Duke, for the Preakness on May 18. The Duke, barring further complications, should be ready for that one, and the same exciting cast of characters could be back again—Gallant Man included. It will give Gallant Man, certainly, a chance to show if he really is this good, and it will also give Willie Hartack an unenviable opportunity to decide whether or not he really does think Gen. Duke is the best 3-year-old in the Calumet barn. There's another one around, too, you know. His name is Barbaro, who could be the best of the lot. "But we'll probably save him for the Belmont," said Jones.

"Yeah, just imagine that," said a man sipping some of the Joneses' champagne. "These guys win the Kentucky Derby with their third-string 3-year-old. What'll they think of to do next?"

"I'll tell you what I'll think of to do next," joked Jones. "I think I'll tell that boy to bring us another quart of that champagne." END

...AND THE FIRST BRUSH WITH GLORY



IRON LIEGE'S first training included early-morning workouts at Calumet Farm (6), sessions in schooling gate at Halesh in the winter of 1936 (7). He stood patiently as Trainer Jones ad-



justed his saddle (8) for a disappointing first start in Chicago on August 21, 1936. The 1937 Derby Winner met the "Master" of modern Derby riders, Eddie Arcaro, at Belmont Park (9)





PRIVATE CONVERSATION between Jockey Willie Hartack and Trainer Jimmy Jones just before the scratching of Derby favorite, Gen. Duke. A hurried sketch (insert right), made for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED by Mr. Jones, shows bottom and side views of the stone bruise to left front hoof, detected by feverish heat generated from inside of member.



This year Iron Liege ran third in the rich Flamingo Stakes (10) and record-breaking Florida Derby (11), was tabbed by experts as a highly consistent colt. Iron Liege has a love for

peppermints, and his regular groom, Walter Griffin, bought the horse candy canes at Christmas time. Early in January Griffin said, "[I never had a Derby horse; maybe this year I will.]"

HOW YOU, WILLIE?



AUTHOR BOWEN SWITCHED HER BETS AT THE LAST MOMENT

A stranger in town, a distinguished historian and novelist finds herself slowly drawn into a charmed circle: the men who make the Derby

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

IT MIGHT have been any farm along the turnpike. Wide fields, bright green under the Kentucky sky; a four-barred gate between white fences marked the farm lane. Oxmoor: as the ear turned in, a roadside marker gave the name. Sheep lay along the right-hand fence, a day-old lamb sprawled on its mother's back. Herefords cooled their bellies in the stream.

To the left across a meadow a heavy barrier rose. At second look this was no farm barrier, it was a brush hurdle. A big one, sure enough, and not put up for cows either. "Well yes," says my weekend host, "a steeplechase course. We've run an autumn steeplechase here for years."

I knew this was horse country. Who doesn't know it? I had traveled from tidewater Virginia by slow train, very slow indeed. I had seen the white barred fences out Lexington way, the rolling pastures, smooth as a golf course, where young colts, standing by their mothers, lifted their heads to watch the train. At breakfast in the dining car a spectacled woman who might have been a Baptist preacher's wife had leaned across the table to say with solemn emphasis, vowels proudly unconstructed, "Ah think every red-blooded American should go to at least one Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs."

I had been often in country where cow was queen, quite lately in country where pig was king, but never before

in country where horse—fast-running Thoroughbred horse—was king. Even so, I hadn't expected a steeplechase in my host's front yard. Do they run right round the house? I wanted to ask. Up the front steps maybe, and through the kitchen?

But I said nothing. With horse people the best clue, for the uninitiated, is silence. Respectful silence. That night at bedtime the fields lay thick-black under the stars, no sound from earth or sky. With a sigh of comfort I slipped in bed, snapped off the table light. This

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Catherine Drinker Bowen, biographer, historical novelist and now reporter, is best known for *Yankee from Olympus*, her life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and *John Adams and the American Revolution*. Her most recent book, *The Lion and the Throne*, was published last March.

was Sunday, April 28. Six days before the Derby. Plenty to see and do before that great day. And most of it out of doors in the hot blue balmy Kentucky weather. In the name of Arthur Daley, Whitney Tower, Red Smith, Audax Minor, what a beautiful, beautiful assignment.

The last sound I heard before drifting off was the whinny of a horse outside of my bedroom window.

AT 7 next morning we are at Churchill Downs, slipping in the back way, four of five of us, strolling past the barns to the track. It is coolish, the wind feels wet. Few spectators are out. Even the press is still asleep—or riding planes across the continent to Louisville. The colts come past from the horse barns one at a time, pulling at the bridle, feeling good, showing off a little. "Track's a bit heavy today," a trainer says. But the colts feel the soft dirt underfoot, dance sidewise and wheel, trying what they can do. *Jockeys* and exercise boys are dressed easy for this early workout, in faded jeans and windbreakers, visored caps turned backward. They talk to their mounts, gentling them. "Ho, baby. All right now, little queen." The rider's voice is quiet but his rein is taut. Control, balance. Odd, how these qualities can make themselves felt across 75 feet of track and down from rider to humble spectator standing with her sneakers in the dirt.

The exercise boy turns his animal's head to the backstretch, straightens his legs that were jackknifed in the stirrups and with one flowing movement rises to full height and hends forward. As he does so the colt begins to run. So perfectly synchronized is the motion of man and beast, so rapid and yet so unhurried, that a person catches her breath watching. ("Yow, a literary-type woman, going to the Derby?" one's

continued on page 42

North, South, East, West—

THE SWITCH IS ON

to the cars that are
new all through

UP NORTH, people say they're switching to Chrysler Corporation cars because of wonderfully fresh, new styling . . . because of outstanding engineering . . . because no other cars (as a showroom visit will quickly prove) can give so much that's so new as in this Plymouth Valiant 4-door sedan . . . 3 years ahead of its field.

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

**BULL LEA AS A PROUD PARENT • THE CAMERA BLINKS AT THE
DERBY • LOW-FLYING SAUCERS • THE MAYFLOWER THAT'S OUT
IN JUNE • VETERAN VEHICLES • A FRIEND OF MR. ROBINSON**

MADE IN U.S.A.

THIS is a dark brown, quiet horse.

His head is heavy, square, wide between the eyes. He is 22 years old, not particularly handsome and a bit crotchety—he hates for anyone to touch his nose and he raises his head and complains bitterly in a loud whine if his rolled oats are late at mealtime. His name is Bull Lea—and in an era when American breeders rush to import foreign stallions (Nasrullah, Tulyar, Khaled, Princequillo) on the theory that their bloodlines will be superlatively successful in this country, Bull Lea, as American as Saratoga chips, has been pretty successful himself.

Bull Lea was good but not sensational on the track, where he earned \$95,000 for Calumet Farm. In his own Kentucky Derby, that of 1938, he finished eighth. But within a few years his sons had begun to make a name for him at Churchill Downs. His first great one was named Citation, and Citation took the Derby in 1948 and went on to win a million dollars. In 1952 it was Bull Lea's son Hill Gail who won the Derby. Between 1941 and 1956 his offspring earned Calumet more than \$11 million. And at Churchill Downs last week it was another son of Bull Lea—Iron Liege—who took another Derby for the old man. As a matter of fact, if still another son, Gen. Duke, hadn't turned up with a sore foot in Derby week, Bull Lea's boys might very well have finished 1-2. In the circumstances, and thinking of such sons of foreign sires as Bold Ruler (by Nasrullah), Round Table (by Princequillo) and Shan Pac (by Shannon II), all of whom finished up the track to Iron Liege, old Bull Lea might almost have permitted himself an elderly horse laugh.

At 22 he is the human equivalent of a sexagenarian, but he is still siring sons and daughters. He dozed in his lush

stall at Lexington, while his son was winning the Derby. A quarter of a mile away, four foals, all sired by him and as yet unnamed, romped in a meadow—very much as the young, then unnamed Iron Liege romped three years ago this spring.

Down the freshly brushed paths of Calumet in the barn for two-year-olds stood one of his daughters, due to go to the races sometime soon. "That's Gold Flame," a groom said proudly. "A Bull Lea filly. Look out for her. She can go."

FOG IN THE STRETCH

THE TV NETWORK for the Kentucky

Derby was the largest ever—more than 200 stations—and presumably the audience was also the largest ever: millions of Americans who could not be at Churchill Downs but were set, from motives of love, profit, compulsion or plain curiosity, to watch the 83rd

running of the Derby. They depended, of course, on one eye, the surrogate Cyclops of the TV camera. Well, Cyclops caught a fine race and once or twice—a commendable novelty in telecasting—gandered at the lighted tote board and actually let watchers see the shifting pre-race odds. Alas, Cyclops also got careless.

As Federal Hill, Mr. Jive, Bold Ruler, Iron Liege and the rest came sweeping past the stands on the way to the first turn, a foglike blur spread across your screen. A little less than two minutes later, as announcer Fred Caposella shouted, "Iron Liege has taken the lead, but Gallant Man is closing on the outside!" the fog closed in again.

What was it? Your set? Real fog? The handle-bar mustache of some Kentucky colonel? None of these, said CBS inconsolably next day. Just the out-of-focus bulk of another CBS camera,

continued

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Future Book?

A horse race betting referendum bill squeaked through the Pennsylvania Senate last week 26-23—better than perennial similar bills have done before—but headed for predicted defeat in the House. Pennsylvanians will probably still have to cross the state line to lay a legal bet, contribute to the improvement of the breed.

• Soccer for Stock

Michigan State will drop boxing as a varsity sport after next season in favor of soccer, which it tried for the first time last fall (SI, Nov. 19, 1956). Too hard to find collegiate competition in boxing, says Athletic Director Biggie Munn. It will continue to be stressed intramurally.

• Divines' Prescience?

In Milwaukee, a meeting of Missouri Synod Lutheran ministers pondered the date—Sept. 29—selected for 25th anniversary celebrations of radio's Lutheran Hour, changed it to Sept. 22. Reason: on the 29th too many people may be engrossed in the season's ender between the Braves and Redlegs.

• Rear View Mirror, No Doubt

Russia's Vladimir Kuts, who led almost all the way to win the Olympic 5,000 meters, accused three British runners: "They literally divided this distance into three parts, sacrificing each other to break me." Said Jack Crump, British team manager, "He had no opportunity of watching any so-called tactics on our part."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

set up too close to the traveling lens of the first camera.

Cyclops resolves to do better next year. Said CBS: "We'll find a different location, all right."

FLYING FRISBEES

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY might not seem a likely place for the sale of any product made by the Wham-O Manufacturing Co. of San Gabriel, Calif. But when spring touches a college campus, unlikely things happen. At Princeton, the air has been filled lately with flying objects, every one of which can be identified as a Pluto Platter made by Wham-O. The undergraduates ignore the official name, though, and call the curious gadgets Frisbees.

A Frisbee is a plastic device shaped like a garbage-can lid, but much smaller (about the size of a dinner plate) and without a handle. Thrown by an expert—and after 10 minutes' practice, anyone is an expert—it can be made to skim lightly through the air and pause for an instant, still spinning, over the catcher's head. He plucks it from the air and throws it back, and the resulting game, like the object itself, is called Frisbee. Frisbees can also



be made to hook, slice, boomerang, and skip along a sidewalk like a stone on water.

In other years Princeton students played catch in the spring, like students anywhere else in the country. But nowadays a stroller through the campus quadrangles rarely hears a ball plunk into a glove. Instead he sees dozens of bright-colored discs—red, yellow, green, white—spinning in the air. Frisbees, like most plastic products, come in lollipop colors.

The Keebler Biscuit Co. of Philadelphia has been making a prototype of the Frisbee for years, possibly without knowing that it was doing so. Long ago picnickers and beechnogers learned that the lid from a large tin can of Keebler crackers could be made to skim and hover exactly as Frisbees do, and so a game called Keebler Can was invented. It made its way from the beach to the campus and, like the prophetic warbler, can be spotted now

and then along the eastern seaboard.

Frisbee, too, is known at several schools, though it was Princeton that gave the pastime a local habitation and a name. Nobody at Princeton seems to know who named Frisbee, or why. Nobody, for that matter, seems able to agree on why the students play it. "The cost of materials is low, compared to a ball and glove," was one undergraduate explanation. (Frisbees sell for 79¢ at Princeton.) "It caught on," said another, "because it is childish. It relieves the mind of the tensions of college." It is a gentleman's game," said a third. "If you are good at it, you can sit in a chair and play."

But faculty members, who have more book learning than students, apply less of it to their interpretations of the Frisbee craze. "It's just another form of spring fever," said one of them the other day, flinching slightly as a bright red Frisbee sailed straight at him and then boomeranged away.

WEEK'S WET WASH

EARLY WYNN, Cleveland right-hander who has won 223 major league baseball games using a dry baseball, cast a vote for the wets the other day in his column in the *Cleveland News*, a column he actually writes himself. Every team in the majors has a spitball pitcher, Wynn said. "I'm not the spitball guy on the Indians, but there's only one reason I'm not. I can't throw one. I've tried to throw a spitter in pitching practice but I can't make it work. . . ."

"Listen, I'd paint an orange white and throw it up to the plate if I thought I could get away with it. And why not? For the last 10 years the rules makers have been conniving to help the batters. . . . All I have to say is, more power to the spitball pitchers. I hope they never get caught."

THE WAYWARD WIND

ONE of the sportiest nautical propositions of this or any other spring season got under way recently when an almost perfect replica of the Pilgrim ship *Mayflower*, complete with three square-rigged masts and towering poop deck, cleared Plymouth, England, bound for the New World. Commanded by a globe-trotting mariner named Alan Villiers and manned by volunteer sailors, including one genuine Pilgrim descendant, the current *Mayflower* was built to the exact dimensions—92 feet over all and 183 tons displacement—of the original ship.

The builders did not, however, ignore the 20th century altogether, since her equipment includes a radar reflector and a small generator-operated radio.

The purpose of the voyage, besides giving a lot of people something to do, is to retrace the route and relive, in part, the troubled lives of the Pilgrim sailors. In the latter purpose, the 1967 crew is succeeding admirably. Like the old Pilgrims, they had a terrible time



getting started. When *Mayflower II* was launched she almost capsized on the spot. When a tug towed her to the place where the old *Mayflower* set sail, water splashed through the hawsepipes and sloshed around under the bunks in the crew's quarters. And when, on April 20, the *Mayflower* at last unfurled her sails for America, with much horn-toting and hoohah, the wind pooped out altogether.

At this point, the voyage of the *Mayflower II* began to lose all identity with history. On the morning of April 22 a wind finally came up, but not the gale which buffeted the old ship en route across the North Atlantic. The 1967 wind was a gentle northwesterly which pushed the tubby *Mayflower II* exactly at right angles to the westerly course she planned. Even so, her first radio reports were firm and confident. But after nine days of sailing toward Africa instead of Massachusetts, the skipper's confidence began to weaken. On April 29 the *Mayflower II* radioed back to England a complete change of plans: "Taking southern route trade winds west to Gulf Stream. Arrive 6 to 7 weeks. Sorry no more messages since need to conserve power."

This means, in effect, that the *Mayflower* is now trying to reach first base by setting off down the third base line, and hence will arrive well after the original ETA of May 25.

Meanwhile, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, the question has ceased to be *when* the *Mayflower II* will arrive, but *where* it will be when it gets here. Massachusetts has already spent \$224,000 to dredge Plymouth harbor so the *Mayflower II* can get in. And Governor Foster Furcolo was in the act of extracting another \$125,000 from the legislature to finance a welcoming celebration when someone leaked the word that *Mayflower II*, come fair winds or foul, would spend only a few days in Plymouth before moving to

New York to adorn that city's Summer Festival.

At the news, State Senator John E. Powers, minority leader, grumbled that he would torpedo the entire appropriation unless arrangements were made for the ship to stay in Plymouth "until every parent and child here has a chance to see it." New York, he added, "is attempting to transplant history . . . Why don't they go all the way . . . and steal Plymouth Rock." In an editorial, the *Boston Traveler* concurred. "The *Mayflower*," the *Traveler* observed, "will be as out of place in New York as the Alamo would be in Fall River. . . . We say let her stay there. We could put the \$125,000 toward building a *Mayflower* of our own."

VINTAGES

THERE WASN'T A WY EYE along the route. The old cars, all aglitter with burnished bronze and lustrous chrome, clackety-clackety through the lovely spring-green countryside in a mist of nostalgia. This pleasant fog, it must be said, was limited to the spectators. It did not cloud the eyes of the drivers in the second Anglo-American Vintage Car Rally, nor stay their speed.

Mindful of its defeat at the hands of the British in the United Kingdom in 1954, the American Veteran Motor Car Club this year sounded a call for rapid antiques and lead-footed antiquarians. Fifty-two minustemen responded, and 11 aged but nimble automobiles were chosen by elimination.

The opposing Vintage Sports Car Club of Great Britain picked its 11 entries with an eye mainly for speed but perhaps made tactical errors in including an imposing 1910 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost (for its beauty) and a 1913 Lanchester (for its novelty). The stately Rolls and the boxy Lanchester simply weren't up to snuff in the matter of go. The British cars ranged in age from a 1908 Hutton to a 1928 Bentley; the American cars from a 1909 Chalmers to a 1929 Studebaker.

Well, the Americans went ahead in the scoring in the second day of competition in a hill climb at Reading, Pa. and never looked back. Not that it was a sure thing. From Reading to Skytop, Pa., to Hartford, Conn., to Boston, to New London, Conn., thence across Long Island Sound by ferry to Southampton, N.Y., and back to Manhattan, it was touch and go, in a series of average speed, road-racing, gymkhana, braking and easy-starting tests.

At Southampton the British made

an extraordinarily handsome gesture. They produced 147 bottles of vintage champagne, which were consumed in one bubbly sitting by the drivers and officials, who numbered 65 in all. It was not recorded which team suffered the biggest collective aftereffects next morning on the way to Manhattan. Certainly Robert Stewart Kilborne III, the leader of the Yankees, insisted that his head was clear all the way.

What nearly did Kilbornein, though, was the sight of all the victory champagne in the big silver trophy cup that awaited them outside the British Travel Association office in Manhattan.

"I could barely pick up the cup," said Kilborne. "The British could not have been more gracious, you understand. They were sportsmen to a man. But drinking champagne on Madison Avenue has never appealed to me."

MANAGEMENT AND LABOR

UNTIL RECENTLY 5-year-old Susan Tebbetts, the oldest of Birdie Tebbetts' three daughters, was unaware that her father was the manager of the Cincinnati Redlegs. Her mother had simply told her that Daddy "earns his money playing baseball," and let it go at that. Then one day Mary Tebbetts took Susan to her first baseball game. They sat beside the Cincinnati dugout and Susan watched, first with interest, then with patience, as one by one the players came to bat. Finally she asked, "When is Daddy going to bat?"

Mrs. Tebbetts explained that Daddy wasn't really a player; that he was a manager and told the players what to do.

"Oh," said Susan understandingly, "and then they earn Daddy's money."



RESERVISTS

He's found that the trout
Aren't biting flies now,
But he'll worm himself out
Of the problem, somehow.

—F. E. WATTS

BIRTHDAY PARTY

A TINY OLD LADY with no teeth, wearing a straw hat, wool muffler and dark coat sat in a front booth in the roaring interior of Sugar Ray's tavern in Harlem last week waiting for Mr. Robinson on his birthday. Over the bar hung a paper sign: PERFECT FUNCHER—TOUGH AND FAST—MAY HIS TRIUMPH EVER LAST. Outside, the neighborhood pressed faces to the glass of the magenta-tinted aquarium to see the celebrants. In the street a rented searchlight turned.

"I got him a lovely card," said the old lady, who held tightly a white box wrapped in cellophane, "and I want to get it in his hand. That's why I'm holding it all this while on my lap." She spoke with the soft inflections of the Indies.

"I come from Antigua," she said. "Britannia rules my home. Mr. Robinson likes foreigners. We're dignified. You see, I addressed my card to Mr. Ray Robinson. I don't believe in being too familiar. Oh, I love him because he's so kind and gentle. Oh, I love him because he's so simple. I met him in this restaurant two years ago and he adopted me. He calls me Mom. I watched his fight on television and I wished him the best of luck and I wished he would swing out that wicked left and he did it. I say, Ray, do your stuff and he did it."

"Here comes the boss. Stand close to the bar," a flunky shouted, and the Middleweight Champion of the World, with careless smile and ready wink, arrived in a lustrous blue suit. He went straight to the old lady, helped her up and drew her to him.

"I prayed for you, Ray," she said in his ear.

"I know you did, Mom," said Ray as they pressed about him.

"You did two things so beautiful," Sammy Davis Jr. said, looking up at him. "I got to talk to you about them. Not boxing moves—just moves!" And he rattled his feet on the floor in delight.

A pretty young woman took him by the arm. "The Fountain of Youth, Sugarman," she crooned. "Where did you find it? Come, tell me where it is."

If he told her, no one heard, for flunkies crying "hot stuff, hot stuff" bore him off to his birthday cake. It was iced with HAPPY BIRTHDAY CHAMP—ATOMIC MUSIC. The photographers made him blow out the candles a hundred times.

"Did you see," said the old lady, "Mr. Robinson kissed me twice."

A PUNCH

Behind on points, Sugar Ray Robinson KO'd Gene Fullmer with a single magnificent blow for his fourth middleweight championship

by MARTIN KANE

THE PERFECT PUNCH IS RARE in boxing, rarer than the home run in the days of Home Run Baker, or even the hole-in-one. The perfect punch is always a left hook—for no straight right-hand throw can be as pretty as a hook—delivered against a strong-jawed man who has not been weakened by a long, hard fight. It comes fast and it executes instantly, like a well-timed squelch. Only the great ones have been able to throw it and they but seldom when facing a fresh and sturdy opponent.

In all the history of boxing the perfect punch never has been so well-delivered with so much at stake as on the night of May 1 at Chicago Stadium when Sugar Ray Robinson, underdog once more at ringside odds of 1 to 3, saw an opening as wide as a boulevard arch and drove smartly through to his old familiar home, the middleweight championship of the world. He dwells there, it seems, whenever he feels like moving back in. Many's the time he has propped his nimble feet before its fireplace and leaned his sleek head back against the antimacassar—more times than any man. To get there this time he dispossessed Gene Fullmer, an inoffensive tenant who moved in only last January and hadn't even had time to get the attic cluttered up.

The historic punch came in the fifth round. It came suddenly, with no hint of preparation save for a right hand to Fullmer's body, which is built like a Sherman tank. Fullmer was leading then on all three official cards, and rightly so, for he had lost only the fourth round on a strong Robinson flurry.

The pattern of the first Robinson-Fullmer fight at Madison Square Garden was beginning to reappear except for one enormous blunder. A nondrinker, Fullmer had tasted the wine of championship and it went straight to his head. In the first fight he had rushed Robinson cautiously, both hands protecting his jaws until he was well inside. This time he came at Robinson in the fifth round with his right hand low on his chest. He meant to bring the right up from his heels at the first opportunity. This was apparent even to children at home reading comic books while they watched TV. Sugar Ray saw it, too. It was what he had been waiting for.

Later, in euphoric retrospect, the sugary Ray recalled that he had been subtly "showing him the right all night in order to set up the left." The Fullmer version is that he never saw the right, didn't notice it at any time. It does

continued on page 26

THE HISTORY-MAKING MOMENT, as caught exclusively by United Press Photographer Frank Klimek, shows Fullmer unconscious an instant after Robinson's glove struck his jaw.



FOR HISTORY





JUST BEFORE THE KNOCKOUT Sugar Ray crashed a powerful right hand into Fullmer's concrete ribs, thus setting up the champion for the finishing hook a second later.

A PUNCH FOR HISTORY

continued

seem to be the essential truth, agreed upon by all, that Fullmer walked into a left hook. For a while thereafter he couldn't walk at all.

Robinson's preparatory right to Fullmer's body had the effect of bringing Fullmer's head over to the left. As the head swung back to the right in the same arc—Gene was planning to throw his underslung right and needed balance—Sugar Ray's perfect left hook caught it with precise timing and precisely on the Fullmer button. The lights went out. Hours afterward Fullmer was still in the dark as to what had happened. He could remember nothing. That part of the fight is hearsay so far as he is concerned.

Fullmer went to the canvas so suddenly that the crowd—there were 14,757 paying fans in the stadium—was totally hushed for a moment. Then it burst out with an ear-pounding roar of astonishment and admiration. For in the little interval that it took Referee Frank Sikora to glide into position above Fullmer and start his count it became clear that Gene, though drawing manfully on some wellspring of inherent courage, would not be able to rise again in 10 seconds. His powerful legs pumped in the effort, but he had no more control of them than if he had been an infant squirming in his crib. He rolled and twisted. Sikora belated the seconds—he is one of the few referees who can be heard loud and clear at such a moment—and they went relentlessly by. As they went, so went Gene Fullmer's belief hold on the title.

Sugar Ray Robinson knew the title was coming his way once more. In a neutral corner, arms spread along the red ropes, he took a deep breath of triumph. He showed his white mouthpiece in a happy grin. When Sikora had counted to 10 Robinson had done what no man had done before. He had won the middleweight championship for the fourth time. He had been the first man to knock out Gene Fullmer.

Fullmer knew nothing of all this. Rising on crisscrossed

legs (see picture on page 27), he wobbled back to his corner and into the arms of his manager, Marv Jensen.

"Why did they stop the fight?" Fullmer inquired. He had begun to see that things were not going well.

"They counted you out," Jensen explained.

"Well, that's a pretty good reason," Fullmer conceded. When he told about it later his black eyes were twinkling as though it was, after all, a pretty good joke on him. Outside the ring he has a gentle and sporting disposition, a natural decency and grace and, talking to him, you understand that those low blows were really and truly unintentional, just as Referee Sikora figured.

There were two low blows in the third round, so clear and palpable that Sikora, jotting down his score, shook his head sadly. Even so, he did not take away the round but scored it even. So did Judge Jim McManus. Judge Frank Clark gave it to Fullmer, presumably because Robinson had done nothing in the round but act hurt. In the two preceding rounds he hadn't even done that and was, in fact,

beaten to the punch several times, and even countered by the supposedly inept Fullmer. Shrewd Sugar had been biding his time.

But the fourth round was altogether different and it forecast something of what was to come. Robinson won it on everyone's card. Previously he had allowed Fullmer to start the action but now he moved in smartly with a right-and-left combination to the head. Fullmer then moved inside. Neither punch had hurt him. Robinson threw a weak left to the head, followed it with a good right. There was a clinch and Fullmer put two lefts to the body. In the next exchange of the round Fullmer led with a right to the head and hooked to the body. Robinson threw two lefts to the head. Until then, the fourth round could have been called even, with a slight edge, if any, for Robinson.

Then something snapped. In every big fight a certain tension builds up, whether or not there is much action, but the next few moments of the fourth round were thrilling because they were filled with action and because they proved Robinson had retained at least something of his old magnificent powers—that he was still able to put punches together meaningfully, in a calculated series, with masterful design. Every punch in this flurry went where he wanted it to go.

There seemed, however, to have been very little power in the flurry. For all that the punches landed so neatly, their only effect was to cause Fullmer to back off and to murmur, perhaps, "Toxoké."

They did have one other effect. They opened the eyes of Marv Jensen to a hoier possibility. Fullmer went back to his stool as serene as a stroked kitten. Jensen was worried.

"He'll come out fighting in the next round," Jensen snapped. "Keep your right hand high."

Fullmer, of course, did nothing of the sort. In contrast to the disciplined strategy of the first fight, Gene seemed so anxious to punch that he forgot the simple lesson of the January Bout.

At the inquest Jensen testified that his fighter, displeased

at intimations that he had won the championship by protecting himself at all times—which he mostly did—had proudly decided to slug it out with Robinson. In most cases a manager's declaration on why his fighter lost isn't worth the lip spray that goes with it. But Jensen's explanation has a solid ring.

"Since he was the champion," Jensen said, "he decided to win more spectacularly."

What he did was to lose spectacularly.

After which came The Coronation Scene in Sugar's dressing room.

Sugar Ray entered, with robe and retinue, sweat beads dripping off his slight mustache. An aide held a lump of ice to the side of his head where a Fullmer right had clobbered him. (Oddly enough, Fullmer showed no sign of bruise or tenderness, not even a slight swelling, where the Robinson left had landed.) Photographers shot pictures interminably. Everyone shouted and some laughed hysterically. Brother Chester M. Batey, minister of the Hyde Park Bible Church, came in and shook the champion's hand.

"They were pulling for you," he said, "but I was praying for you."

Julius Helfand, chairman of the New York State boxing commission, extended his congratulations. Welterweight Champion Carmen Basilio bounded over the table that separated Robinson from his audience and hugged the man he hopes to beat next summer. At Basilio's appearance there were shouts of "million-dollar gate?"

Then the interview began, with Robinson responding through a microphone.

"How did you do it, Ray?" someone asked.

"It was a very rough fight," Ray replied, and you could see that this was the beginning of an oration. "I owe my

success to the millions of people who have prayed for me and to the way that God answered their prayers and mine. That was what helped me to victory tonight. And I want to thank Joe Louis who came to my aid when I needed him and helped me with his advice and counsel. He is my very great friend. My very dear friend, Father Jovian Lang [a young Franciscan priest standing nearby] gave me the spiritual help I needed. Their faith is what sustained me, and I am grateful.

"It was a left hook that caught him on the way in."

He thanked his wife, Edna Mae, who was seated on a bench, listening. Someone asked how far the knockout punch traveled. (It was, actually, quite long.)

"I don't know," Ray answered, "but he got the message somewhere."

At which point Gene Fullmer strode in, as if on cue, grinning broadly at the joke. He slipped an arm around Robinson's shoulder and whispered words of congratulation to him. The embarrassed Robinson, afraid that he might have made a *four pas* with his wisecrack, announced to the crowd: "He is a real gentleman." To which Fullmer responded that Robinson was "the greatest guy in history."

Then Fullmer pushed his way out to

dress for the street and someone mentioned the low blows in the third round.

"He didn't mean that," Robinson said. "It was an accident and it wasn't bad."

What was had was Fullmer's decision to abandon the intelligent caution he had shown in the first fight, when he had won a championship he dreamed of keeping for 10 years. Fullmer's folly was a costly bit of business. He had taken only about \$21,000 out of the first fight and, though he and Robinson made \$67,479 apiece in the second, Fullmer deprived himself of a share in the enormous gate that will result when Carmen Basilio tries for the middleweight championship. It is most unlikely that Fullmer and Robinson will meet again.

Sugar Ray went suddenly coy about fighting Basilio, though it would certainly restore his fortune (Internal Revenue agents had attached \$23,000 of this purse for back taxes.) Allowing for theater television, a million-dollar take is not an extreme hope. He said he might not ever fight again. James D. Norris of the International Boxing Club said he would like to put the fight on at Yankee Stadium in July, before interest in the bout had a chance to cool off. Everybody, Sugar Ray said, would be out of town in July, so September would be better. And so on. It was apparent that Sugar was laying the groundwork for a long, hard session of business poker at which he would demand the lion's share of all the dollars in sight.

But he is, in truth, a lion among the champions. His feats are unequalled in ring history. By the record books alone he is the greatest fighter of his generation. His place in history is high and secure and so is the place of that perfect punch, a blood-red streak in the night, that won him all the glory one fighter needs. (END)

GROGGY GENE FULLMER, rising on Leon Errol legs, is unaware that he has been knocked out and wonders why Referee Frank Sikora is signaling the end of the fight.



HIGH WIRE TO THE GLACIER WORLD

Climbing into a wild land of rocks and snow, the world's loftiest cable car carries skiers to a day of spring adventure on the glaciers of the high Alps

SOARING SKYWARD to the magnificent and lonely world which until recently only the best of Alpinists have known, the cable car on the opposite page opens the way to one of the most extraordinary skiing grounds in the world. In two spectacular jumps it spans an altitude of 9,000 feet, from the springtime green of the French valley of Chamonix (see *THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN*, page 34) to the frigid, 12,608-foot summit of the Aiguille du Midi, where a white expanse of glaciers and mountains stretches over the horizon into Switzerland on the east and to Italy on the southeast.

Until the cable car was completed three years ago, the top of the Aiguille was a target for expert mountaineers. It was a rugged 10-hour climb up sheer walls of ice-covered rock. But today the Chamonix lift, advertised as the highest aerial tram in the world, can carry 60 people to the summit in 20 minutes. At the top of the lift the passengers enter a tunnel blasted right through the peak from the upper car terminal. Then they strap on their skis to try one of the most breathtaking adventures any skier could hope for. Below them the broad, wrinkled rivers of ice in the Vallée Blanche curve down and away toward the valley of Chamonix. Above and to the south rises the ragged mass of Mont Blanc, tallest peak in Europe.

The best skiers, men who can handle themselves under true Alpine conditions, sometimes try the long day's climb to the top of Mont Blanc. The way across may be pocked with crevasses and swept by storms that can take the temperature down from a sunny 60° to zero in 20 minutes. But the view from the top of Europe, with even the mighty Matterhorn 1,000 feet below, makes the risks seem small.

Most skiers, however, come for the run down the Vallée Blanche, where the going is easier in mountaineering terms, but, as the photographs on the following pages show, the scenery is no less spectacular. In a good snow year the valley offers 13 miles of uninterrupted downhill skiing across steep ridges, over broad glaciers with the great peaks towering above them and over snow bridges that span 150-foot chasms like the Grand Crevasse on pages 32-33.

Though the Vallée Blanche may look formidable, a good Alpine skier can make a safe descent in about five hours; and, on any weekend in April or May, when the weather is warm and the snow settled in the crevasses, some 200 visitors, a few of them Americans, may try it.

For the competent intermediate, or even for an expert mountaineer making his first run down the valley, a guide

from Chamonix is absolutely necessary. The start of the run is wide and gentle, but the guides will insist that their parties follow close behind, being certain never to turn a foot outside the guide's tracks. For the crevasses lie like a net under the snow, and anyone who gets careless is courting disaster. Two winters ago, for example, Louis Lachenal, veteran of the French conquest of Annapurna and a man who had made more than a hundred runs down the valley, broke through a snow bridge and plunged into a deep crevasse. He died before he could be got out.

Most hidden crevasses, however, are so small that a man who slips in will sink only up to his knees. Besides, the men who skirt the edges of the great gorges are usually breaking trail and hence they are roped to experienced partners. This is a job for the guides. It is a tricky business to ski tied to a rope and to be ready at any moment to jam ski poles into the ground as a brake if the other man should suddenly begin to sink from sight.

On the lower glacier, known as the Mer de Glace, most of the winter snow may have melted by this time of year, leaving the blue innards of the glacier exposed. Here the expert settles without shame into a beginner's snowplow, ready to stop or turn quickly. But by the time he has reached the lower end of the glacier, before the runout into Chamonix, small crevasses are routine stuff, and he hops them with the regularity of a train wheel clacking over the joints in a track. By this time, too, the skier, tired from the long run, begins to rest more often, to look around him at the peaks of the Grandes Jorasses. He begins to understand why mountaineers come back to the glaciers spring after spring, and he begins to feel the unique exhilaration that comes from a day in the Vallée Blanche. It comes from feeling the cold wind that blows out of the crevasses as one inches across a snow bridge, from hearing the distant shudder of a big avalanche, from looking back, when the run is over, at the white and blue rivers of ice, and at the giant peaks so seemingly unconquerable that lay beneath one's ski tips only a few hours before.

Chamonix cable car begins final jump to summit of Aiguille du Midi in French Alps as passengers poke heads cautiously from window for better view. For more color photos of the glacier world, turn the page







Almost lost from sight in the swirl of a sudden blizzard, three skiers pick their way from tunnel at summit of Aiguille to start of ski run

Swooping up from green valley of Chamonix, carload of skiers swings close to mountain before stepping out into tunnel to Vallée Blanche

Starting the 13-mile run back to Chamonix, a skier tumbles down slope at top of Vallée Blanche trail, while partner traverses cautiously





Edgling toward the lip of the Grand Crevasse in the Vallée Blanche, a guide prepares



to lead his party across a fragile bridge of snow spanning a 150-foot cleft in the ice

THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

by HORACE SUTTON

DEEP in the French Alps, two hours from Geneva and hard by the Italian border which lies over the big hills, is the small gray village of Chamonix, a French resort dropped at the bottom of the canyonesque walls of the Haute Savoie like a peanut stand on the curb of Wall Street. In the winter Chamonix is a winter resort, in the summer it is a summer resort, but in the spring it is the last redoubt of the diehard skier fighting the onrushing warm waves of summer that have already dissolved the white-broadloom lesser slopes into rushing spring brooks. But the Chamonix skier who stays on long after the casino and a full third of the hotels have closed at the end of the winter season will find skiing possible on the western slopes at least until the end of April, and snow on the massive east wall that includes Mont Blanc itself until July. And if he tries it, he will find it is a type of skiing he will not soon forget.

For in the cloudland of these skyscraping peaks, as detailed in the previous pages, he will find adventure on the boards of a very high order indeed. The *Mitphérique* to the Aiguille du Midi carries its tiny cars to the 12,588-foot level on what has been called the world's most daring cable car ride. It is also the world's highest. A *Mitcabin* goes onward to the Col du Géant at 11,053 feet, and from here the spring skier can cover the boards with sealskin and tramp across the Vallée Blanche and down a snow-covered sea of ice known indeed as La Mer de Glace. La Mer can also be reached with somewhat less personal effort on the electric mountain railway that calls at the Hôtel du Montenvers, an inn for goats, stuck in the crags 14 kilometers north of the Aiguille du Midi. The inn is open from the beginning of May to September. By next year another *Mitcabin* will connect with the present final station at Col du Géant and take passengers over the ridge and across the border into Italy.

Another *Mitphérique* will lift the late-season slatman at the rate of eight meters (26 feet 3 inches) a second to the heights of La Flégère (6,206 feet), a sunny base for ascents into the higher reaches. Bunk rooms in dormitories are available at about \$5 a day with all meals, and for the day tripper who prefers to come up each morning, there are a restaurant and a self-service cafeteria where a skier can load his tray with *saucissons*, Brie, chunks of bread and a bottle of wine, take it out to the open-air terrace and eat in full view of the massive 12,000-foot peaks across the valley.

From the station at La Flégère, a *Mitcabin*, a lift which elevates the skier in tiny cabins each of which holds two, rides the cables up to L'Index at 7,874 feet. Here the air is brilliant, the sun is hot and the snow is patchy but skiable from L'Index down to La Flégère. Still another *Mitphérique* ascends the same wall to Le Brevent at 8,284 feet.

With its complex of lifts and tows scaling the giant walls that surround it, Chamonix's spring and summer skiing is especially good in the mornings. In the afternoon when the snow is soft the *Mitphériques* bring the visitors down to

earth for a round of golf on the nine-hole course (soon to be expanded) or for fishing in the river Arve (salmon trout and rainbow). The skating rink is open the year round, and in the afternoon the gliders skim over the surface under a billowing canvas awning spread over the arena to keep off the sun. Experts come from all over Europe to work in the early morning hours and there are open-air hockey games in July and August while bathers splatter in the artificial swimming pool a few yards away.

Chamonix, wounded in the war, has never been fully rehabilitated. It suffers from the competition of ultraliche Mégève which has no spring skiing, from Val d'Isère which does, and from such upstarts as Cour Cheval, a new French station 92 miles from Grenoble. Among the hotels down in the valley the choice has pretty much narrowed to the Hôtel des Alpes, located between the highway and the river, and to the gently aging Savoy, tucked against a hillside away from the hurly-burly. The Hôtel des Alpes put most of its improvements in the back of the house, added bathrooms and now has 50 for its 100 rooms. It charges about \$8 a day in the slow spring season, plus 25% for tips and taxes. In summer the tab goes up another \$1.50. The Savoy, with its residential atmosphere and rather faded finery, is run with a sort of quiet aristocratic air by Armand Tairraz, whose mother built it 50 years ago. It was rebuilt 25 years ago and now offers 100 rooms, half of them with bath, a pair of tennis courts, a lovely shaded park and a summer dining room glassed in on three sides. The massive magnificence of Mont Blanc seems everywhere.

Looking northward across a great meadow is La Sapinière, typical of the small hotels of Chamonix. It has 25 rooms, four of them with bath. The brass gleams, the kitchen is renowned and the spring price is about \$7 per person with meals, with no other fees added for tips or taxes.

For those coming in by car from the northeast by way of Martigny in Switzerland, the road is steep, serpentine and under extensive construction, but the views, especially over the hillside vineyards on the Swiss border, alongside the Côte du Rhone, are tremendous. The route from the west by way of Geneva is gently graded. The sleeper train from Paris takes a dozen hours, gets as far as Le Fayet, 20 kilometers away, a center where one can also hire a plane for a ride over Mont Blanc. The train from Geneva takes a poky three hours and is not recommended, but there is bus service leaving in the early hours. After decades of discussion the Italians and French have finally got together on boring a hole through Mont Blanc. It certainly is one of the biggest bores in history even if, once more, the project doesn't get past the talking stage. The way things look now Italian daylight is supposed to be visible in France (and vice versa) in three years' time, and then it will be only two hours from Milan, two and a half from Turin, and for Chamonix it will be springtime all year round. **END**

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KATSON

THE GO-SOX GO AGAIN

By ROY TERRELL

Blessed with blazing speed and a great pitcher in Billy Pierce, the White Sox are off and running once more. Chicago fans are still afraid to hope, but . . .

MILWAUKEE, WIS. is a large city in the midwestern part of the United States. So is Chicago, Ill. Milwaukee is located on the southwest shore of Lake Michigan. So is Chicago. Milwaukee has a major league baseball team. So has Chicago (rumors that Chicago has two major league baseball teams are not to be taken seriously). Milwaukee won 11 of its first 13 games and led its league. So did Chicago. At which point, in Milwaukee, the citizenry cheered great cheers and pummeled one another upon the back and ran shouting through the streets. "This is it," they screamed. "We're going to win the pennant and they'll never catch us now." In Chicago they cheered, too. "Boy," they said, "that was some left hook Robinson hit that guy with, wasn't it?"

The preoccupation of Chicago with a left hook—and its almost shameful indifference to the explosive manner in which the once-beloved White Sox bolted from the starting gate in the 1957 American League pennant race—would indicate that any resemblance between the neighboring elites is highly superficial; in fact, it might indicate that where baseball is concerned, no resemblance even exists. Which would be only partly true. Although the Milwaukee Braves attracted some 130,000 fans to their first six home games while the White Sox played before slightly over 50,000 in their first nine, this is an unfair comparison. For one thing, it is always unfair to compare Milwaukee with anything else in the world when the subject is baseball. For another, it really was quite a left hook. And finally, while the Braves have never managed to get away to anything even resembling such a fabulous start before, the White Sox are off and running with the first pitch every year. For the Milwaukee fan, this was the chance of a lifetime. For the Chicago fan, this was where he came in.

Since 1951, when Lane and Richards combined their talents to lead a downtrodden team out of the wilderness of the American League's second division, the Sox have been good but never

quite good enough. And looking back at six straight first-division finishes and five in a row in third place, the script has remained remarkably and monotonously the same. Each spring the White Sox are in strong contention, sometimes even in the lead, until the month of June. At this point they manage to lose enough games in such a short period of time that the expression "June swoon" has become a cliché in the Chicago sports pages and not even a very amusing one at that. Yet it fits, the only variation being that sometimes it is July or August—or even September—before the Sox collapse. Last year, for example, they swept a four-game series with the Yankees on June 24 and moved to within a game of the lead. Twenty-one days later they were 11½ games behind.

Despite early-season evidence to the contrary, however, Chicago is a baseball town and nothing could turn the South Side into a state of bedlam quicker than the honest-to-goodness belief that the Sox might really be

champions once again. Milwaukee has never won a pennant, but it has been even longer since one flew over Comiskey Park. Never, for Milwaukee, extends back only to that day in 1953 when the Braves moved to town from Boston; the White Sox, on the other hand, haven't finished first since 1919. For those who suggest that this is just retribution for the infamous events of that fall—the Black Sox World Series—Chicago can only suggest in return: “In 38 years, haven’t we paid for our sins in full?”

So it was that pennant fever, which Chicago managed to avoid like the plague for the first two weeks of the season, began to break out last weekend as the Yankees moved in for three games. Maybe, a few of the people began to say once again, this really could be the year; never before have the Sox started quite so fast and never have they looked quite so good. Perhaps they have found something new.

To be honest, they haven't. A new

cross-fertilized



DARING ON THE BASES. A White Sox trademark, sends Bubba Phillips headlong into third to beat a perfect throw as Coach Tony Cuccinello watches in awe against Senators.

GO-SOX GO AGAIN

continued

manager, of course—Al Lopez having replaced Marty Marion—but Lopez is only a good, sound baseball man and not a magician. There is also a new youngster named Jim Landis, who is a major league outfielder all the way—except no one is sure how he will hit—and Bubba Phillips, a converted outfielder, at third base. And because of Landis, Lopez has been able to play Jim Rivera at first, which appears to be a vast improvement over Walt Dropo, who can sometimes hit the ball much harder but usually not so often and has never displayed the former's highly competitive nature.

Basically, however, it is the same lineup: Nellie Fox at second, young Luis Aparicio at short, Minnie Minoso in left, Larry Doby in center and Sherm Lollar behind the plate. Fox and Aparicio form probably the slickest second-base combination in the league, and while neither has much power, both are sharp at the plate. Aparicio, the 1956 Rookie of the Year and this season almost surely the best defensive shortstop west of Roy McMillan, led the league in stolen bases and may easily do it again—if Landis or Minoso or Rivera doesn't steal more. Fox, off to a terrific start, has a .294 lifetime average and, what is more important, somewhere inside a 155-pound body still possesses that innate determination to beat your ears off. That can be an athlete's most valuable asset. Minoso, a .316 hitter last year, is one of the game's truly fine players, and Doby, healthy once again, is already far ahead of a rather miserable 1956 season when he still managed to drive in 102 runs. Lollar, who Paul Richards calls "a manager on the field," ranks behind only Yogi Berra as a catcher and, at 32, gives the appearance of being not only smarter than ever but a more dangerous hitter, too.

It is a good ball club, and it is winning because it is getting good pitching and because it can run (very fast), field (perhaps better than anyone else), hit (adequately) and throw (very well). It is not a ball club that beats itself, and it is a lot of fun to watch. This year it has been even more fun than usual and a lot of the missing fans don't really know what they are missing after all. The old Go-Go Sox, Rivera and Minoso and Fox, are still around and the mercenary youngsters, Aparicio and Landis, have ignited the fuse. Last year the team led the league in stolen bases with 79; this season,

in the first 13 games, they stole 18.

The good South Side fans, however, remembering '51 and '52 and all the seasons of acute disappointment since, have reached the point where nothing short of a real run at the hated Yankees, a real season-long battle for the pennant, is going to get them out of



VETERAN LOLLAR IS OUTSTANDING RECEIVER

their cynical and well-entrenched defensive positions. For they know that if the White Sox are fun to watch, they have deficiencies, too; they know that speed and skill cannot always make up for a very evident lack of power and an even more evident lack of depth.

It is a sad truth that the White Sox just don't hit very many home runs. When Lollar, for example, banged out his fourth of the season on April 27, not one Chicago writer went dashing to the record books to discover that this placed the White Sox catcher six games head of Ruth. At least, none bothered to report it; they know Lollar is still Lollar and that there is a long summer ahead.

White Sox Vice-President Chuck Comiskey recently said that the only way to determine if your team is a strong pennant possibility is to compare it position by position with the other contenders. He was only fooling himself when he came out of this bit of mental calisthenics with the Sox in good shape. Man for man, they do compare favorably with the Yankees—until you come to Mantle and Berra. As Comiskey knows as well as anyone, the Sox do not have a Mantle and a Berra. And neither do they have the well-stocked Yankee bench.

This could leave the issue squarely

up to the pitching, and it is here that Lopez either has information unavailable to others or perhaps he is deluding himself a bit, too. It was suggested by Marty Marion, upon vacating the job of residential tactician last winter, that Lopez would be wise to bring his Cleveland pitching staff along with him; he



ROOKIE LANDIS HAS POWER, GREAT SPEED

might have need for it before the 1957 season was over. But Lopez, after two weeks of watching the Chicago pitchers operate, says no.

"I think this pitching staff is just as good, maybe even better, than Cleveland's," he says, "because we have more depth." But as he ticks off the names—Pierce, Harshman, Donovan, Wilson, Keegan, Staley, Howell, LaPalme—Al Lopez can be forgiven if he lingers longest over the first name on the list. If the White Sox are to finish at the top of the American League, a very great deal depends upon Billy Pierce.

Walter William Pierce is a compactly built young man from Detroit who at the age of 30 has already achieved half a dozen more or less valid claims to fame. He was the first ballplayer Frank Lane ever brought to Chicago in a trade. He is considered by Paul Richards, once his catcher and later his manager, as just about the stubbornest young man alive. He beat Nellie Fox out of 55 last season playing gin rummy. He can eat more candy and go to more shows than anybody on the White Sox roster. He has been the starting American League pitcher in three of the last four All-Star Games. And he is perhaps the best left-handed pitcher in the American League.

To those who immediately, in this

last connection, bring up the names of Herb Score and Whitey Ford, it is agreed that you could hand the award to any one of the three. Score, the young man for whom the Red Sox offered Cleveland \$1 million this spring, won 20 games last year and, for the second straight season, the strikeout championship as well. He has never led the earned run averages but in two years finished second and fourth. Ford, on the other hand, has never won 20 games—nor has he ever been valued at \$1 million, either—but the tough little Yankee has won 19 once, 18 twice, was low ERA man last year and second the year before. Pierce, however, has gained all three. He won the strikeout championship in '53, the ERA title in '55 with a very fine 1.97 and last year finally got his 20-victory season, too. There is little to choose between them and on occasion each has beaten the other; they will undoubtedly take turns doing it again.

"The thing to remember, though," says Sherm Lollar, "is that Bill is not only the best now, he's been one of the best for quite a few years. He had that sore arm in '54 but otherwise he's won 15 or more games for the last six years. And sometimes," Lollar says, "we didn't get him very many runs."

BRILLIANT ALL-STAR RECORD

In his three All-Star Games, Pierce has given up four hits and one run in nine innings. He has walked only one and struck out nine. But if the National League batters think he is tough, they should talk to the guys in the other league who have to look at him every few days. He once pitched 39½ scoreless innings, which ranks behind only Carl Hubbell's record shut-out feat of 46½ in the left-handers' hall of fame.

"Whitey Ford is hard to beat because he pitches for the Yankees," Richards told SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Reporter Jack Olsen in a recent interview. "And Score is tough when he has his control. But Billy is the best."

And Lopez, when assessing his staff, points out that while he has three other good starters in Harshman, Donovan and Wilson and two good spot pitchers in Keegan and Staley, only Pierce ranks with his big three of Score, Lemon and Wynn back at Cleveland. "He's as good as any of them," says Lopez. "He's one of the real good ones, a guy that can beat anybody."

Pierce has been one of the real good ones ever since he was 13 and went out to pitch for his Detroit recreation league

continued

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GO-SOX GO AGAIN

continued

team one day after the regular pitcher deserted to join a rival club with prettier uniforms. Billy was named outstanding player at a boys' national all-star game in New York in 1944 when only 17 and the following fall the Tigers signed him away from half a dozen other big league clubs with a \$15,000 bonus. He spent three seasons with Buffalo, came up to the Tigers in 1948 and that winter was traded, along with \$10,000, to the White Sox for Catcher Aaron Robinson. It was not only Frank Lane's first deal, it was perhaps his best.

WAIT FOR THE FAST ONE

It hasn't always been easy for Pierce, however. For one thing, he had some faults that needed to be corrected. "He had a tendency to windmill in his delivery," Richards says, "which makes the ball spin too much and takes the life out of it. He flashed his curve—the Yankees always knew when he was throwing a curve. But mainly Bill didn't want to throw anything but fast balls in the old days. He laughed at the change-of-pace and the slider, so most of the strong right-hand hitters were laying back for him, waiting for a fast ball down the middle.

"One day I finally got him to throw a slider against the Yankees. He got Mantle to hit an easy one-hopper to third; then Bauer hit right back to Billy for an easy out. Since then Billy's been throwing a slider—but he had to find out for himself. Then, for a while there, he began throwing nothing but sliders. He finally learned about that, too. Even today Pierce will pitch a whole ball game and almost never throw anything but fast balls. But only on certain days."

Pierce still considers a good fast ball his main pitch, and Lollar says only Score can throw harder. "He isn't too big," admits the White Sox catcher when asked how a 5-foot 10-inch, 160-pounder can be so fast, "but he has wonderful coordination. And he sure is pretty to watch, the way he pumps and rocks and throws. Sometimes," he says, "when I'm not catching a game, I'll just go off to one side and watch him pitch."

"Pierce is a perfectionist," says Richards, "who has achieved maximum potential out of the equipment nature gave him. It took Billy extra long to learn some of these things because he had his own way of pitching and he

continued on page 72

ITALIAN DUEL

by WILLIAM ROSPIGLIOSI

Maserati and Ferrari again come to grips as auto racing's prime rivalry opens the European season

WHEN THE first cars sprint away from the Mille Miglia starting line this Saturday, hurtling through the warm and scented mid-May Italian night, they will begin what surely will be the most fiercely contested series of world championship automobile races in Europe since World War II.

The season opens with two historically brilliant races, each helping to solve a different world championship. First comes the Mille Miglia, the thousand miles of open-road competition for sports cars where the winning points count toward the manufacturers' title. Then, on the following weekend, there is the Grand Prix of Monaco, which, like the other top Grand Prix races, brings the best Formula 1 cars into play and counts toward the drivers' title. And thus begins a five-month European season in the sun for the great and near-great drivers (see pages 45-48) who are idolized by one of the largest audiences in sport.

The most famous of all cross-country events, the Mille Miglia sends its 350 cars down to the Adriatic coast from the northern Italian city of Brescia, south along the seashore in a lightning dash to Pescara, across the spine of Italy to Rome, and north over and around the Apennines to the finish back at Brescia. It is the race of races for the average Italian, who, whether he zips a motor scooter through the swarming streets of Rome or practices automotive gamesmanship on the highways, seems always to be training for the Mille Miglia.

That this year's competition will be vigorous is assured by the scrap between those perennial Italian racing car rivals, Maserati and Ferrari, for world supremacy in 1957. A wagonload of laurels won abroad would not be nearly so gratifying as a triumph before the eyes of the nation at home. Since this is a championship limited to sports cars, even though they may have engines of unlimited size, they must also carry a number of the appurtenances of touring cars, such as fenders, headlights, doors, a spare tire,

and they must use commercial gasoline, not racing alcohol.

The majority of the Mille Miglia cars, to be sure, will not be as potent as the screaming red Ferraris and Maseratis from Modena. Many of them will be normal passenger cars (usually reflecting a racing heritage), and some will be amazingly small. For these there are a staggering and bewildering variety of prizes in both class and category. But the over-all prize seems sure to go to Maserati or Ferrari. Theirs are the machines which are as close to be-

ing purely racing cars as the rules allow.

If there is one favorite, it is the 4.5-liter Maserati to be driven by Britain's young Stirling Moss. This brilliant new racer—winner by miles at Sebring in the hands of Juan Manuel Fangio, the world champion, and Jean Behra, France's best driver—may well become the outstanding car of the year. It is faster than any of its competitors, it handles remarkably well in twisty going for so powerful a car and its drum brakes have been unusually

continued

SPECTATORS SIT BY HIGH MOUNTAIN SHRINE AS MILLE MIGLIA RACER SPEEDS TOWARD THEM



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ITALIAN DUEL

continued



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trouble-free. With Moss (who won the 1955 Mille Miglia in a factory Mercedes at a record average speed of nearly 98 mph) at the wheel, the entry will be formidable indeed.

There is no sign of discouragement, however, from Enzo Ferrari, the automotive genius whose racers have won every Mille Miglia since the war except those of 1954 and 1955. Ferrari is now said to be getting 350 hp from his 3.5-liter, 12-cylinder models, against the 400 hp of which the 4.5 Maserati is capable. Developed from the car which carried the late Eugenio Castellotti home first in last year's Mille Miglia, the Ferraris are equipped with four overhead camshafts and new power-assisted brakes. Brake fading cost Ferrari any chance of victory in the 12-hour endurance run at Sebring, Florida, but then Sebring is the world's most arduous test of brakes; the problem should not be as critical in the Mille Miglia.

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT

Ferrari's youth movement, too, is expected to harass the Maserati team without mercy. No. 1 Driver Peter Collins of Britain is in rare form. He led at Sebring for 18 laps (while using up his brakes rather unwisely) and went on to win the most important tuneup for the European season, the Grand Prix of Syracuse. Collins, the second-place man in the 1956 Mille Miglia, will be ably backed by his fellow Briton, Mike Hawthorn; Italy's only real driver hope, Luigi Musso; the conscientious German, Count von Trips, who has probably been around the course 100 times in three previous races and practice; and Spain's improving Marquis de Portago (see page 49).

In a year dominated by Italian cars, the prospect of a foreign victory in the Mille Miglia is quite bare. There have been rumors of a D Jaguar entry by the Ecurie Ecosse, private Scottish team which won last year's 24-hour race at Le Mans, and there is the certainty of an American entry (a Chrysler-engined racer with a Kurtis chassis, to be driven by Ak Miller, a veteran of the Pan-American Road Race), but all the betting is on the Italians. With one world championship victory apiece so far this year, Maserati and Ferrari are both likely to make extraordinary efforts in this and the year's five other title races, yet neither will win the Mille Miglia on preparation alone. It

continued

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New United States Testing Co. report reveals some startling facts about trueness, distance, durability!

In the most exhaustive study of its kind ever undertaken, the United States Testing Company, one of America's foremost research and product testing organizations, devised and conducted a series of tests on the four leading high-compression golf balls.

These tests were completely impartial, conducted under the most accurate scientific conditions, to determine the *trueness, durability and consistency of compression* of all golf balls tested. The results were most revealing. For example:

1. Did you know that even among the top-priced golf balls there's a big variation in trueness—enough to make you miss a well-stroked putt, or catch a sand trap on a properly hit approach?

In tests to determine deviation from true roundness, trueness of center balance and trueness of roll, the Spalding DOT outranked all other brands. The results prove that the DOT will follow a truer course, putt after putt, shot after shot, ball after ball.

2. Scientifically, the smallest, heaviest golf ball will travel farther. Did you know that even among the most expensive golf balls, there's enough variation in size and weight to cost you significant yardage?

Maximum weight and minimum diameter standards have been officially set for golf balls. In tests of weight and diameter, the Spalding DOT consistently measured closer to the maximum weight and minimum diameter allowances than all the other brands. To you this should mean—the DOT will travel farther.

In addition, measurement tests showed the DOT to have

a shallower dimple than the other test specimens. To you this should mean—lower trajectory on long shots, a longer roll.

3. Did you know that there are vast differences in both the finish and cover durability of "distance" (thin cover) golf balls—that some golf balls will take more punishment, remain playable longer than others?

In *scruffing* tests the Spalding DOT's finish showed greater resistance to abrasion than any of the other brands. In *repeated impact* tests (of cover toughness) the DOT consistently outperformed all other test specimens. Such tests prove that the DOT should stay playable longer.

Composite table of rankings based on United States Testing Co. findings:

RANK	TRUENESS (based upon tests of trueness of center balance, turnover and deviation from roundness.)	DISTANCE (based upon consistency of weight, diameter, compression and depth of dimple.)	DURABILITY (based upon scuffing, shearing and repeated-impact tests.)
1st	DOT	DOT	DOT
2nd	Brand B	Brand B	Brand A
3rd	Brand A	Brand C	Brand B
4th	Brand C	Brand A	Brand C

NOTE: Very shortly, four detailed reports based upon this golf ball study will be in the hands of golf professionals everywhere. If you are interested in the test procedures, methods of measurement, etc., ask your golf professional to show you these reports.



Next time play the DOT. You'll discover this—there are other balls in its price field, but none in its class!

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ITALIAN DUEL

continued

is a race with as many uncertainties as a thousand curves. As Maserati's Behra says, "You must choose whether to push your car to the limit along the 630 kilometers of straight, fast stretches from Brescia to Pescara, or save yourself for the tough mountain passes from Pescara onward. If you drive too hard at the beginning, the moment inevitably comes when you suddenly realize that you are now going too slow. If you go slow at the beginning, then you suddenly find yourself saying, 'I'm halfway and I can never catch up now.'"

In the more rigidly defined sphere of Grand Prix racing, so admirably realized at Monaco, the one great certainty is that Fangio is invariably the man to beat. As Indianapolis cars are the ultimate in pure racing design in the United States, so are the Grand Prix Formula I cars the ultimate in Europe, and in them Fangio's artistry has its widest scope. The car is an aerodynamic projectile which carries nothing that has no racing function. It is easier to handle than a sports car, in one sense, because it is more responsive to the driver's will, but in another it is more difficult, for this responsiveness frequently causes the unwary to drive it beyond his capacities. Alcohol is used as fuel for greater power at cooler burning temperatures. All the competing cars are equal as far as piston displacement is concerned (the maximum is 2.5 liters) but, beyond that, as they say, some cars are more equal than others. Ferraris were best last year as Fangio drove to his fourth world championship, yet Maserati opened the 1957 campaign with an impressive sweep of the first four places in the Grand Prix of Argentina.

Since Fangio won that race he stands at the head of the class in the struggle for the 1957 driver championship—the title decided only by achievement in six big Formula I races. So rare is the air in the winner's circle at these races that only five of the current driver crop have breathed it. They are Fangio, Moss, Collins, Hawthorn and Trintignant, and of these Trintignant is no longer in his prime. The wayside is cluttered with excellent sports car drivers who could not manage the thoroughbred Formula I cars adequately, and as long as Fangio drives, the air will continue to be extremely rare. At 45, the thick-shouldered Argentine has all his old magic. Monaco will see his return after a vacation from racing

since Sebring, where he so effortlessly co-drove the winning Maserati.

If a foreign car is to penetrate the Italian bloc in the 195-mile Monaco race this year, it may well be the English Vanwall. England for the last few years has expended prodigious efforts on its Grand Prix cars (Vanwall, Connaught and BRM), and this may be the season the eager British have been waiting for. Extremely fast but temperamental in 1956, the Vanwalls now appear to be on the verge of winning. A Vanwall driven by Moss was easily the fastest car in the Syracuse Grand Prix, and Moss led until a split fuel line forced him into the pits for repairs. He subsequently made up enough lost ground to finish third. Moss and his young countryman, Tony Brooks, give Vanwall a redoubtable team.

THE FUEL-INJECTION FIGHT

Much of the success of the four-cylinder, high-backed Vanwall lies in the insistence of its manufacturer, Tony Vandervell, that he have access to the Bosch fuel-injection system used with stunning success by Mercedes. Ferrari and Maserati wanted the Bosch system, too, but were turned down, because Mercedes disapproved. Vandervell threatened to quit selling his bearings to German automotive manufacturers—and got his system.

Still, Moss knows that he and his car will have to be very good indeed to beat Fangio's reliable six-cylinder Maserati. (Maserati has a new 12-cylinder engine under test but probably will not make a serious effort with it until after the Monaco event, in one of the high-speed circuit races.)

It is at Monaco, with its perilous route through narrow streets and along the breathtaking harbor, that Fangio displays one aspect of the incredible security with which he drives. At one point the drivers plunge abruptly into a dark tunnel at high speed.

"When Fangio goes through the tun-

nel," says the British journalist, Denis Jenkinson, "he doesn't lift his foot from the gas. Unconsciously, Moss lifts his foot imperceptibly." To Moss there comes that moment when a man feels alone in the dark and sudden cold. To Fangio the roar of his engine is company enough; he has absolute confidence in light or dark.

It has been said of Moss that he likes to sprint to the front in a race and obtain a considerable margin over the field, if he can, and then "live on his income." Fangio, on the other hand, is frequently found behind the leaders, patiently waiting for the chargers to wear out their cars, judging the pace he thinks necessary to win with a precision that rivals Eddie Arcaro's performance in a Thoroughbred race.

Maserati and Vanwall are primed for Monaco, but again, Ferrari has not been standing still. The winning Ferrari at Syracuse appeared without the customary side bulges which once held fuel tanks and thereafter were retained as aids to streamlining—an example of Enzo Ferrari's ceaseless tinkering. One of the novelties at Monaco will be the debut of his Formula II car (maximum piston displacement: 1.5 liters) with a V-6 engine. Developing 190 hp at 9,200 rpm, it is by no means as powerful as its Formula I stablemates, but its lighter weight and surefootedness may give some of its bigger competitors an unpleasant surprise. The twisty Monaco circuit, which places a greater premium on jack-rabbit acceleration than top speed, is an ideal course for the V-6.

With the prospect of all-out competition unexampled since the war nearly everybody is properly ecstatic—nearly everybody.

"This is going to be a wonderful year for the spectators," says Maserati Engineer Giulio Alfieri glumly, "but for the drivers and makers of cars, it is going to be a year of worry and uncertainty. I wish it were December and it were all over."

END

SPEED MERCHANTS

The world's finest road-racing drivers, like Britain's 28-year-old Mike Hawthorn (opposite) and those on the following three pages, are professionals who sell their services dearly or cheaply, according to stature, and sometimes lose their lives in the bargain. (At home the Americans are not permitted to accept money, but they may be professionals abroad with impunity.) For a driver outside this group to win this week's Mille Miglia, with its 350 entries, would be possible, but for one to win next week's more restrictive Monaco Grand Prix would be a staggering upset.





Masten Gregory, 24, youngest of top Americans, drove winner of Argentine 1,000 kilometers.



Peter Collins, 25, nine-year British veteran who vaulted to world fame with 1956 French, Belgian



Stirling Moss, 27, best of British drivers, second in worldwide rating to Fangio, is fit, studious.

Juan Manuel Fangio, 45, The Master, is world's best, has uncanny sense of car's absolute limit.





Grand Prix victories, leads Ferrari team. Grim-faced, he will press a car to its absolute limits.



Luigi Musso, 26, only front-rank Italian after death of Castellotti, is a very polished technician.

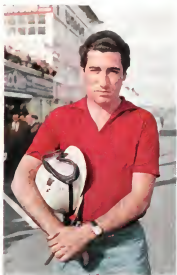


Maurice Trintignant, 40, French winegrower at twilight of fine racing career, is gay off track.

Harry Schell, 37, American in Paris, drives all-out and loves to lead, but gives cars a beating.



Carroll Shelby, 34, fastest and steadiest American, has a big chance this year as a Maserati team driver.



Marquis de Portago, 28, Spain's complete sportsman, is curbing daredevil tendencies and improving space.



Jean Behra, 36, France's perennial near winner, invaluable team driver just below highest rank, survived some grim accidents while learning.



Phil Hill, 30, tense and determined Californian, won 1956 Swedish Grand Prix (sports cars) with Trintignant, has ardent Coast following.

'Racing Is a Vice'

by ALFONSO DE PORTAGO

This, in part, explains racing drivers, says this
dashing young Spanish ace. For the rest, read on

WHAT TYPE of man becomes a professional racing driver? At heart he must be an adventurer. Six hundred years ago he would have been off to the Crusades or would have more conservatively stayed at home, slain a few dragons and have saved an occasional damsel in distress. Today, however, the Crusades are over, the dragons are in hiding, and if a damsel gets in trouble she calls the police or her psychiatrist.

Adventure is a religion. Religions require faith, and the adventurer must above all other things have faith in himself. It is the uncertainty of the future that attracts the adventurer most. Few professions, except possibly that of Communist politics, have less security and more uncertainty about the future than racing. One can be at the top one second, but all it requires is one very small error and one is very embarrassingly dead the next.

As one may well imagine, racing is an extremely competitive business. In most sports today, the old spirit of "the game for the game's sake" is fast dying out, and with the exception of a few isolated outposts of the British Empire and, naturally, the playing fields of Eton and Harrow, everyone has acquired a somewhat deplorable desire to win. However, as we approach the limits of human and mechanical ability, it accordingly becomes increasingly difficult, both mentally and physically, to surmount the actual records.

Speed is the keynote of our age. But the sportsman who has neither the physical ability to run a four- or even five-minute mile nor the mental ability to work on things like guided missiles has to settle for such sports as automobile racing and bobsledding. Both of these occupations also have the advantage that one remains, at least most of the time, in a comfortable, seated position. There is none of this nonsense of running around the park at some ungodly hour to keep in proper trim. As we race every Sunday from March to October, after the initial month's racing we automatically (and much to our surprise) find ourselves in

excellent shape. We then are able with little or no effort to maintain this condition to the season's end. It is very definitely one of the prime requisites of being a good driver to have, first, the physical strength to drive a car at very high speeds for at least three hours in what is practically unbearable heat, as, for example, in Argentina, and second to have the mental strength to be able to concentrate upon one's driving for the same length of time.

Are we brave? Not necessarily. An act of courage is the performance of an

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alfonso Cabeza de Vaca, 17th Marquis de Portago, who appears in color among his colleagues on the opposite page, is one of the few truly romantic speeding figures of our time. Godchild and namesake of ex-King Alfonso of Spain, he is, at 28, the scion of a family which has included some of Spain's great warriors of long ago. His own sense of adventure has been expressed by superlative achievements in horse racing, jai-alai, swimming, polo, bobsledding and, finally, auto racing—which he confesses tops them all.

act in which one overcomes fear. Driving a car at what most people would consider a suicidal speed is not frightening to us. We have spent many years learning how to do so with a minimum of risk. At times a driver will perform an act of courage, such as going off the road in preference to hitting a spectator. The mere fact that we race requires no courage on our part. To put it in a nutshell, we are not brave because as far as automobile racing is concerned we have no fear to overcome.

But do we ever get frightened? We get terrified. Fear is the awareness of danger. Whenever a driver makes a mistake and loses control of his car for even a split second, the danger is acute and he is frightened. However, he knows what he should do to rectify his mistake (if it is repairable), so his fear is, in most cases, of very short

duration and is quickly forgotten. On the other hand, if the mistake is a serious one, it always seems like an eternity between the time one loses control of the car until the time one hits whatever one is going to hit. I, myself, am considered quite an expert on the subject of going off the road. I have never enjoyed doing so, even at slow speeds. I think what frightens me most is that when I have actually lost control of the car there is absolutely nothing I can do except sit still, frozen with fear, and wait for events to take their natural course.

A driver's first feeling when he goes off the road and is unhurt is one of shame. All the way back to the pits he will be busy concocting a reasonable excuse. I have heard the most extraordinary stories about a new species of tree that will actually jump out into the road and hit cars with considerable violence. Most drivers, however, stick to simple little tales of small children and/or old women crossing the road in front of them.

The problem of automobile racing is not one of winning at the highest possible speed but rather one of winning at the lowest possible speed. Fangio has been practising this theory with rather more than a modicum of success for some years now. It is obvious that the slower one goes the less chance there is of breaking down. At the same time, however, one must go fast enough to be the first car across the finish line. Fangio more often wins races by 10 seconds than by five minutes, and he does this by preference.

In the Grand Prix of Cuba, last February, which is run over a distance of 320 miles, I knew that Fangio was very worried whether his brakes would last the entire race. I knew that the best chance I would have of beating him would be to force him to use his brakes as hard as possible. This strategy worked for a while. Fangio, after briefly trying to pass me, let me go ahead by myself. After we had both made our pit stops to refuel on about the 55th lap, I was ahead by about 65 seconds.

continued

Is Bonded Bourbon Really Too Strong?

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



I sometimes meet up with a man who claims he "just can't take Bonded Bourbon at 100 proof."

When I do, I wonder how much he really knows about whiskey.

Some of the things I usually like to point out to such a friend are:

1. No whiskey comes to you at the same proof it comes from the still. It's all reduced in proof at bottling by simply adding pure distilled water.

2. As a distiller and practical businessman I see no sense in shipping water around the country when it's as handy as your kitchen tap. Cheaper, too!

3. The difference between 100 proof and 90 proof is the difference between 9 drinks and 10—a small difference indeed to the man with moderate intentions!

4. If you prefer a lower proof, be your own "rectifier" as you mix your bonded drink. Simply short your measuring jigger by a few drops, or add the extra water yourself to make your drink $\frac{1}{2}$ inch taller, or let the ice melt 2 minutes longer. You wind up with the desired proof in your glass, but with a lot more flavor.

5. Are you mistaking extra richness of flavor for higher proof? 100 proof is the balance point where that amount of flavor is transferred from barrel-to-bottle-to-glass which ice and mixer does not dull. Any excess water we might add to the bottle, to further reduce the proof, actually "muzzies" after a time with the bourbon esters and leeches out their taste.

We invite you to join the inner circle of business executives who have discovered the 100 proof excellence of Bonded Old Fitzgerald and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

*Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour
Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon*

RACING

continued

My car was not only running perfectly but my brakes were in good condition. I hadn't a worry in the world.

On the 65th lap I happened to see Fangio coming down one straight as I was going up the other. I probably saw his face for half a second. The expression on it gave me a terrible shock. He was completely relaxed and unworried. He had the expression of a man who knew that he was shortly going to win the Grand Prix of Cuba. Five laps later a gas line on my car broke. I was forced to come into the pits. It took my mechanics five minutes to repair it. When I rejoined the race, I was in sixth position, with Fangio, naturally, in first. I eventually managed to finish third (and establish the lap record). But as long as I live I shall never forget that glimpse I got of Fangio's face.

FORCED TO TAKE CHANCES

I think that the hardest part of racing is the start of a driver's career. He is more or less forced to take chances to draw attention to himself and prove to the manufacturers (Ferrari, Maserati, Mercedes-Benz etc.) his potentialities for the future. If he can stay alive and in one piece for the first couple of years, this is half the battle. If he is fortunate to possess financial resources of his own, he will have to buy at least one car a year. The car will cost him from \$5,000 to \$15,000 and naturally never go quite as fast as the factory cars he has to compete against. The time he loses going down the straights he will have to try and make up on braking and in the corners. Since he is competing against the best drivers in the world, if our young driver can even pass the fourth car on any works team he is really showing great ability.

Once the driver has been noticed by a racing director his next step will be to drive a works car in one of the major sports car races and, what is more important, to finish in it—even in 27th position. What the racing director will neither forgive nor forget is the young driver who goes off the road or who breaks his engine by overrevving it. One must not forget that in the world of motor racing the racing directors, men like Enzo Ferrari, Orsi di Maserati, Lyons of Jaguar, etc., are the prophets of the gods.

Early last year I had a friend ask Enzo Ferrari why, despite the fact that I was driving quite fast, I was not on his team. His answer arrived a few days later in a large envelope. It contained

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two pictures of myself going off the road the previous Sunday at the Nürburgring. Not very subtle perhaps, but brief and to the point. Fortunately for me, Luigi Musso broke his arm during the same race, and as Ferrari needed a fourth driver he forgave me, and since then I have been a member of the Ferrari team.

REVENGE IS SWEET

Automobile racing is one of the cleanest sports in the world—especially Grand Prix racing, where only the best professionals compete. Perhaps the reason it is clean is that it is very effectively self-policed. If someone is unkind to me in a race today, I have two possible solutions for dealing with him. I can wait until I next lap him or he laps me, or I can more patiently wait until the following Sunday, when we meet again. And if revenge is sweet, it is only sweet for the avenger. This, however, very rarely occurs as all the drivers are very close friends; so, if two drivers have a lovers' spat, it is usually of very brief duration. It must be remembered that we spend four days a week together from March to October, and we all know each other's little problems, both foreign and domestic. Shortly after the finish of a race everyone disappears without saying goodbye. The following Thursday conversations and poker games are resumed where they left off, as if there had been no interruption. On the whole, drivers are, I think, a very happy lot and suffer from very few neuroses. Perhaps we appreciate life more because we live closer to death.

Racing is a vice, and as such extremely hard to give up. All drivers swear that they will stop at such and such an age, but very few of them are able to do so. Racing drivers are inveterate gamblers and, like most of the breed, never know when to stop. Sometimes when a friend is killed you swear that you will never race again. The next day you think, well, this could never happen to me. By the third day you've got your gear together and you are off to the next race.

The art of racing is primarily a matter of sensitivity. Every curve or corner has a theoretical maximum speed. The closer one can approach this maximum the faster one goes. This sensitivity is neither in one's hands, one's head or one's feet, but in the seat of one's pants. When a car is trying, as we call it, to break loose, we feel it in the seat of our pants and nowhere else. This is probably the least romantic

continued

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IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS



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RACING

continued

aspect of motor racing, but it is so.

The greatest difficulty a driver encounters and the true test of his ability is what we call "a fast curve." This means we come down a straight at speeds up to 160 mph and then have to take a curve whose maximum speed is, say, 130 mph. What makes Fangio is that he will take this curve at 129.9, when another driver will take it at 125 or at 130.1—in which case he will go off the road.

OF WEIGHT AND FANGIO

Where does a driver get this sensitivity? He can be born with it. Then he can develop it further by many other sports, the best of which is probably horseback riding. Moss, Collins and I all used to ride a great deal, principally in races. I eventually started putting on weight, and although I tried all the known systems of slimming it was all to no avail. So that was the end of my riding career. In motor racing, weight is of far less importance. The manufacturers will go to extreme lengths to save a few pounds here and there. However, this does not seem to prevent Fangio, who is probably the heaviest driver, from also being the fastest.

I have noticed, I might add, with a feeling very close to one of despair, that the fastest drivers also seem to have the least hair. I can offer no acceptable explanation for this. I would like to say, however, that Peter Collins (known to his British public as the Golden Glamour Boy) and I are going to fight for our locks to the bitter end.

The most thankless task in our world is no doubt that of the mechanic. He will frequently have to work throughout the night to get a car ready, or to change an axle ratio. The driver will then get into the car, do a few laps and come back into the pits complaining that the car isn't going well. This, of course, will necessitate another night's work for the mechanic. Fortunately, mechanics seem to accept this as part of the cross they have to bear. When their car wins, they are just as proud and pleased as the driver, despite the fact that they get absolutely no recognition for the part they have played.

Automobile racing is dangerous, but it is only as dangerous as you want to make it. Ninety percent of all accidents are directly due to drivers' mistakes—not necessarily those of the driver who has the accident, but all too frequently (especially in sports car races) due to inexperienced drivers.

They are the greatest menace of all to the faster men. Once a fast driver has committed himself to a certain line in a fast curve, he can no longer change it, or, once in the curve, apply his brakes. If somebody else, who is going slower, does change his line, there is inevitably going to be a mixup.

Another 5% of the accidents are caused by mechanical failures, steering arms breaking, rear ends locking, tires blowing, etc. The remaining 5% are the public's fault. The vast majority of the spectators prefer to stand in what they consider the most likely place for an accident to occur and, of course, they will think nothing of strolling across the course if they so desire. Sometimes they stroll at the wrong time and in the wrong place.

The closest escape I have ever had occurred last year at Le Mans during practice. My co-driver was Duncan Hamilton, who had already won at Le Mans. I always like to have a Thermos of water in my car so that I may have an occasional sip (through a rubber tube) if and when I so desire. Duncan, however, does not care for water and had substituted my Thermos for one of his own filled with a revolting recipe of his which is, I believe, 70% champagne to 30% brandy. He had, somewhat thoughtlessly, forgotten to mention this to me. I am a teetotaler and detest even the taste of wine. After two or three laps of practice I felt slightly thirsty and inserted my trusty rubber tube in my mouth, drew in a full mouthful of Duncan's foul concoction and swallowed it before I realized what I had done. At the time I was on the Mulsanne straight and cruising along at 160 mph. The top of my head seemed to fly off. I couldn't see where I was going. The five or six following seconds were, as Duncan would say, extremely dicey. In the race itself, a 24-hour affair, two Jaguars spun directly in front of me on the second lap. I crashed into them, putting all three cars out of the race. I, of course, blamed my hangover.

Racing drivers, all of them, are terribly nervous before a race. Some of them show it more than others. But if you ever see a driver looking calm and relaxed 10 minutes before the start of a race, believe me, it's all a big act. Once the race is started, however, we all resemble the legendary cucumber.

I still think that it is safer to drive in a Grand Prix and far less strain on one's nerves than it is to drive from Paris to the Riviera during the summer months, or in this country during the Fourth of July weekend.

END

Foul Weather and Fair

These hardy sailors are dressed for the foulest weather likely to be found from Long Island Sound to Puget before another frostbiting season. Take, for instance, the jackets, to the left, worn by John Meade and Mrs. Bernard Havens of Rye, N.Y. They're waterproof, windproof, colorproof and, thanks to the buoyancy of the Insulair lining, practically sinkproof (\$37.50 for man's, \$31.50 for woman's, U.S. Rubber). And Mr. and Mrs. William Crow, below, also of Rye, are back from a sail in new protective hooded rain suits, designed by well-known City Island Sailmaker Charles Ulmer—yellow for women, blue for men, of lightweight nylon, lined with rubber, and absolutely waterproof (\$28.50 each). Their sailing mates are as well protected: daughter Barbie Crow and friend Tommy Havens wear slicker-type rainsuits imported from Norway—bright red and bright yellow (\$12.95 and \$11.95, The Crow's Nest, New York). For fair-weather clothes, turn the page.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOH PALL MBI

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FOUL AND FAIR

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GOOD SAILORS are Dick White's Vionite "Balty" shirt (\$14.98, Hathaway) and striped sailcloth shorts (\$8, White Stag-Bantam); Duane Lilly's sailcloth jacket and cold-summer pants (\$11 and \$6, White Stag).



WHITE DUCK sailing shorts have reinforced seat (\$9, Florence Walsh), are worn with a brushed cotton turtle-neck shirt (\$3, Duofold) as Nichols Yacht Yard by Betty Morion of Reno.

FRENCH TAM of linen with streamers and pompon (\$2, Vera) tops Nan Aborn's outfit of turtle-neck shirt, described above, and blue-banded white duck shorts (\$6, Fleischman).





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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



The Aga Khan, 79 and ailing, climaxed unique 34-year racing career with "zee-ic" win in Thousand Guineas for sweep of English classic races in lifetime, added to record British track winnings of nearly \$3 million and some 740 firsts.

RECORD BREAKERS

Marjorie Larney, strong-armed New Yorker, set her sights high, scooped javelin 173 feet 7 inches to spear new U.S. record in latterly AAU meet at Philadelphia (May 5).

Vítězslav Štefl, the free-wheeling Czech, bounced through 100-meter heats to tie in 1:13.7, fastest ever for 50-meter pool, at Piestany, Czechoslovakia (May 1).

Tellurian, lightly regarded 4-year-old gelding, zipped mile and 70 yards in 1:38 1/4 to win \$29,700 Valley Forge Handicap by three lengths at Garden State, easily topped 8th of second off Swaps' world record (May 4).

HORSE RACING

Iraa Lige, raring Calumet's colors alone when stablemate Gen. Duke turned up with sore hoof, took command in stretch, held off Gallant Man to win \$162 Kentucky Derby by nose in photo finish (see page 17).

Lori-II made first stakes win big one with decisive 4-length victory in \$42,350 Kentucky Oaks (filly equivalent of Derby) at Churchill Downs.

BOXING

Sugar Ray Robinson, no great shakes as seagull-and-dance man, proved to be first-class magician, pulling electrifying left hook out of one-bulging bag of tricks to catch bullheaded Gene Fulmer flush on chin in fifth for clean knockout to win middleweight title for fourth time at Chicago (see page 24).

Unbeaten Heavyweights **Eddie Machen** and **Ray Harris** extended their streaks but neither gave barnstorming Champion Floyd Patterson cause for concern. Machen shook up jaded ex-Light-Heavy youth Champion **Jerry Mason** for 10 rounds to win decision at Louisville for his 21st straight (see page 59); **Harris**, L'I Abner-type from Cut and Shoot, Texas, climbed off

canvas to take 16-round split decision from lethargic **Bob Baker** at Houston for 20th in row.

Archie Moore, fat and babbly at 205 1/2 pounds and about to get still another ultimatum (to defend light-heavyweight title against Tony Anthony by July 7) from NBA, carved up Hans Kalldell, German butcher boy, in 16-rounder at Emon. Puffed pudgy Archie: "Look at me, man, I'm 30 pounds overweight. Who wants to see me in a title fight is this shape?"

BASEBALL

New York Yankees, in unscrutinized third place as week began, finally acted like world champions, running off six straight, clinched by three-game sweep of Chicago, 3-2, 4-2, 3-0, to move into first and drop early-running White Sox (see page 37) out of lead for first time this season.

Milwaukee Braves, sided by Henry Aaron's blazing bat, sandwiched three straight extra-inning victories between two shutout losses before beating off Brooklyn challenge with 10-7 win to remain two games ahead of Dodgers. Cincinnati Redlegs, who can beat everyone but Braves, started rolling with seven in row and moved from sixth to third, 9 1/2 games out.

GOLF

Roberto De Vriesa, happy-go-lucky Argentine, slopped over water-logged course to win Colonial Invitation with 284 at Fort Worth. Chipped Roberto: "My cheeping and putting don't."

BOATING

Bermuda Race Week got off to swift start but capbilled down amid protests and bad weather as homebred skippers sailed off with duffel bag full of awards, including America's Cup and Abernethy Trophy at Hamilton. Notable exception on page 39

FOCUS ON THE DEED



SWINGING sternly, Prince Charles of England misses a delivery in school cricket match on Chelsea playing field.



BACKHANDING confidently with tennis racket, young Crown Prince Akihito of Japan plays fast set of doubles in Tokyo.

DOBBS

HATS



New lightness, new light colors, in Dobbs City Lights Straws

Dobbs sets off a subtle revolution in straw hats. New City Lights are *startlingly* lighter in weight — and elegantly lighter in color. The Dobbs Baku Dynel and Macora versions are, in fact, the lightest straws you can wear. The total effect of these changes is a

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THE BIG MERCURY for '57 with DREAM-CAR DESIGN

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SCOREBOARD continued from page 56



John McHale, 35, boyish looking 16-year veteran of Detroit Tigers' organization as farm director, player and head of player personnel, became the youngest general manager in majors when named to succeed deceased Spike Briggs.



Andy Hebenton, durable New York wingman who scored 44 points in sophomore season and has not missed a game since joining team, was named winner of NHL's Lady Byng Memorial Trophy for sportsmanship and playing ability.

ceptions: George O'Day of Marion, Mass. (aboard Victor Sheranas' *Rash IV*) and Ernest Pay (in *Servo*), who test for Edward Prize of Wales Trophy; Orestis Yacht Club's Warner Wilson, winner of King Edward VII Gold Cup.

Yale's Olympic champions got past first big test, beating Penn and Columbia for Blackwell Cup at Derby, Conn. but may get even sterner competition from experienced Cornell, which retained Goes Trophy at Syracuse, and eager Princeton, who overtook Harvard for Compton Cup at Cambridge, Mass.

SOCGER

Peter McFarland, bull-in-china-shop left-winger, put Manchester United's Goalscoring Wood out of action (with fractured cheekbone) in early-game collision, made things nearly as miserable for Bob Danny Blanchflower by booting home two goals to give Aston Villa 2-1 victory and unprecedented seventh English Soccer Cup before 100,000 at London's Wembley Stadium.

MILEPOSTS

DICK—John Jay Hopkins, 65, energetic but twilight-dodging millionaire industrialist, board chairman of General Dynamics Corp. (builder of Nautilus, world's first nuclear-powered submarine), ardent golf buff, founder of International Golf Association ("nations which play together, work together and don't fight each other"), sponsor of Canada Cup which attracted players from 25 countries in 1956, winner of Metropolitan (N.Y.) Golf Writers Association's 1957 Gold Tee Award for "contributions to sport"; of cancer, at Washington, D.C.

note—Myra Doremus Patterson, 84, "merry little soul" who pioneered golf handicapping for women, three-time (1903, 1904, 1906) North-South champion, expert trapshooter, horsewoman; at Haverford, Pa.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

CURTIS TURNER Romeko, Va. NASCAR 150-m. Grand Prix for convertibles, in 1957 Ford, in 1:48.35 (one record), Langhorne, Pa.
PAUL GOLDSBERRY for Chris Shavers, Mich., NASCAR 200-m. Grand Prix, in 1957 Ford, in 1:36, Richmond, Va.

BOATING

WAYNE RICE, piloted by Bill Stead, Reno, Apple Cup for boats race, with 2,000 gals., Lake Chelan, Wash.

BOWLING

BILL LILLARD Chicago, over Los Comps, 225-224, 227-227, 214-209, total match, TV East-West championship.

BOXING

JACKIE LABEA 10-round decision over Joe Meek, mid-Albany, N.Y.
ARTHUR PERKINS 10-round decision over Richard (Big) Howard, lightweight, Hobbs, N.S.
CHIRIF HAMIA 10-round decision over Bobby Bell, featherweight, Montreal

GOLF

BETSY RAWLS Spartanburg, S.C. Betty Rawls Open, with 213 for 54 holes, Spartanburg.
ARTHUR WALKER S. Africa, over Gordon Whitehead, 4 and 3, English Amateur, Royston

GYMNASTICS

JOHN BECKER Los Angeles, All Around title, Nat. AAU championships, Chicago Team title Los Angeles Team.

HOCKEY

WHITBY DASHGIPS, over Spokane Flyers, in 4 straight, for Alton Cup, Spokane.

HAUNT RACING

CRAND CAL Virginia Golf Club, about 4 m., by hand, in P 54 2 3, Warrenton, Va. Joe Atchison Jr. cup.

PARACHUTING

CHRIS BEATHERLEY WHITE, Boston, International Free-fall title, Woodbury, Conn.

TENNIS

MIRIE FLAM Beverly Hills, over Maryon Ross, 7-5, 6-1, 6-4, Royal Oaks, Weston.
JACQUES SIBERT, upset over Lew Wood, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4, Smith's court, Brighton, Bournemouth.
PABLO GONZALES, over Ken Rosewall, 4 matches to 2, doubles, World Pro Tour, 45-27.
(Davis Cup, European Zone, first round)
Astoria 5—Rumana 0.

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CALIFORNIA over Stanford, 72-58, Berkeley

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RUSHING Joey Maxim (left) runs headlong into foreman roadblock by scowling Eddie Machen on Derby Eve in Louisville.



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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opens (or opens); **SC**—season closes (or closes); **C**—close; **D**—water dirty or rainy; **M**—water muddy; **N**—water of normal height; **NH**—normally high; **H**—high; **VH**—very high; **L**—low; **HL**—slightly low; **F**—fishing; **WFG**—water very good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FFG**—fishing good; **FFV**—fishing very good; **OG**—outlook good; **OP**—outlook poor.

TROUT: NEW HAMPSHIRE: Fly hatches are coming on airily in western part of state, but woods were still closed at press time and no run is sight. Fishing still permitted on larger lakes and ponds, and almost all waters in north country are now ice-free, including first and second Connecticut Lakes. Good fly-fishing reported in ponds throughout south and central part of state. **OG** when fire danger passes and ban is lifted.

VERMONT: Although weather has been unseasonably dry, woods had not been closed at press time and stream levels were ideal. **SPY** recommends Willoughby River between Newport and Westport in northeast corner of state and Echo Lake in same section. Also has good word for Marshfield and Waterbury dams. Little River in central section and Battellkill in south.

ONTARIO: Despite unusual early May chill, streams north of Mattawa River and in northern section of Algonquin Park producing limits to 3 pounds, almost all on bait or spinners. Lakes north of Coburne beginning to clear of ice, and Yesterday River, top producer, should be in splendid condition as weather warms; **OVG**.

NEW YORK: For 12th time in state's history all woods travel has been banned in the state, and no fishing is permitted on any trout streams until further notice. As result, fly-fishermen may run peak of this year's fish on ice so far. Hatches are reported on the Beaverkill, Willoughby, Schoharie, Ausable and other Adirondack and Catskill streams. Meanwhile, Beaverkill anglers are fearful that DDT spraying of that area may reduce insect life of the river drastically and cause mass starvation of trout. In general, **OVG** if ban is lifted any time this month.

CALIFORNIA: Second weekend of general season brought clear weather in north and central area, and action improved after lull following break spring. Thirty-seven thousand trout caught from Crowley Lake on opening weekend was top figure for all lakes, but June Lake loop was closer runner-up. Best trout reported last week was 7-pound brown removed from Hite Creek by John Schreiber of Long Beach. Best bets this week are Crowley, June and Bridgeport lakes. All-year streams and lakes in California heavily stocked; Big Bear and Arrowhead recommended.

WASHINGTON: Skagit county's hottest spot for rainbow is Clear Lake, still producing limits. Heavy hatch of black ants put pep in fly-fishing on Pass Lake, Pidalgo Island, last week. Lower Skagit River below ridge at Conway and North Fork are stiff with near-entrants, also abundant in salt water off Bremer's Point, Camano Island. Rainbow-chasers doing fair at Thurston County lakes and Lawrence, Deep, Offit, McIntosh and Clear lakes in Bald Hills. East of Cascade, Deep Lakes below O'Sullivan Dam in Grant County drawing fishermen from all over state to try for 6- and 8-pound rainbows on flashin' lures cast from shore. Lowland lakes report **FFG** and **OP** as weather warms. Columbia Basin waters **FFG** with Park and Blue lakes top producers. **SD** May 19 for high lakes and streams and **OVG** for airways; some high lakes still ice-bound.

NEW MEXICO: **FVYG** since **SD** May 1 and **OVG**, says happy spy as Fish and Game Department continues to break all stocking records and anglers are turning out in unprecedented border. Hattest spot is Fenton Lake in Jemez Mountains, where limits were the rule last

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BASEBALL X-RAY



DON ZIMMER

Dodgers' peppery infielder filled in for injured Pee Wee Reese, hit .313 for week.



TONY KUBEK

Yankees' highly touted rookie led teammates in batting for week with .455 average.



EDM BLASINGAME

Cardinal second baseman beat Dodgers with clutch hit, batted .303 for week.



JACK SANFORD

Phillie rookie was their best pitcher with 3-0 mark, beat Giants twice, Cubs once.



BOB BOWMAN

Phillies' strong-armed right fielder led his team and other NL rookies with a solid .377.



JIMMY PIERSALL

Red Sox star center fielder had lowest batting average of all AL regulars with .145.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (R 20-5-4)		Season		Previous week	
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
Chicago	5-1	823	21-3	2	2
New York	5-1	823	20-5	3	2
Cleveland	4-1	806	8-6	4	4
Detroit	5-2	714	3-5	5	4
Kansas City	3-4	553	3-5	6	4
Baltimore	1-4	526	6-5	7	3
Boston	1-5	545	8-7	8	2
Washington	1-6	543	4-14	9	3
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Cincinnati	5-1	893	9-7	5	5
St. Louis	5-2	714	7-7	6	5
Philadelphia	4-2	657	12-3	4	4
Brooklyn	4-2	647	11-4	7	4
Philadelphia	4-2	641	8-7	7	7
Pittsburgh	2-4	513	5-11	11	11
New York	1-5	147	4-10	12	11
Chicago	6-7	585	7-12	8	8

TEAM LEADERS

Batting		Pitching	
Week	Season	Week	Season
Molina	.375	Fox	.289
Kubek	.455	Loftis	.4
Smith	.479	Warren	.3
Kalish	.357	Warren	.3
Delmonico	.467	Warren	.3
Cardner	.309	Warren	.3
Johnson	.368	Warren	.3
Tavel	.300	Warren	.3
Noah	.480	Warren	.3
Blasingame	.333	Warren	.3
Aaron	.463	Warren	.3
Johnson	.333	Warren	.3
Bowman	.475	Warren	.3
Podis	.447	Warren	.3
Schmiedeknecht	.357	Warren	.3
Long	.357	Warren	.3

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to May 4)

BEST		WORST	
Batting (AL)	Warren, .420	Parsons, .145	
Batting (NL)	Molina, .375	Smith, .145	
Home run	Warren, 10	Smith, .145	
Hitless (AL)	(1 per 9 AB)	(17 AB)	
Home run	Adair, 10	Adair, 10	
Hitless (NL)	(13 per 10 AB)	(17 AB)	
Pitching (AL)	Warren, 3-0	Warren, 3-0	
Pitching (NL)	Warren, 3-0	Warren, 3-0	
Complete (AL)	Warren, 3-0	Warren, 3-0	
Complete (NL)	Warren, 3-0	Warren, 3-0	
Team HR (AL)	Kansas City 23	Washington 10	
Team HR (NL)	St. Louis 23	Washington 10	
Team runs (AL)	Kansas City 83	Washington 10	
Team runs (NL)	Cincinnati 83	Washington 10	
Team hits (AL)	Detroit 146	Washington 10	
Team hits (NL)	Cincinnati 146	Washington 10	

RUNS PRODUCED

Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25

THE ROOSTERS

Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25
Warren, 10	14	25

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HOW YOU, WILLIE?

continued from page 18

friends at home had asked incredulously. "What on earth for?"

But this was what for: I knew it in mounting excitement. . . . Round the curve four colts streak toward us up the track, their hoofs soft thunder on the dirt. An old smile, the thunder of hoofs, an old excitement in a traditional situation. But not old to us, nor to any with ears and eyes and with feet to climb a grandstand or stand by a wide dirt track. . . . The four colts are gone, out of sight, the sound is gone. "Turn his head loose, Tennessee," a trainer calls to a Negro exercise boy, riding onto the track. A dark bay horse comes from the barn, ridden by a jockey in an orange cotton shirt. The jockey wears no hat, his dark hair is oiled and smoothly brushed. All eyes turn. This is Willie Hartack, who last year rode Harbizon to victory in the \$168,400 Garden State.

Voices are friendly. "How you, Willie." Willie inclines his head, taking his time. "What do you know," he answers easily. There is no interrogation to it, no inflection; the syllables are hurried as if one word, not four, was spoken. It is the greeting of a king to his subjects, courteous, noncommittal. What do you know. I find myself repeating it admiringly, under my breath. . . . What do you know? How you, Willie?

TUESDAY's workout is even better, though on the Monday I had been too bedazzled to admit there could be betterment. Tuesday early, when we came to Wheatley Stable headquarters, Mr. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, aged 82, is sitting by Bold Ruler's stall. Mrs. Phipps's bay horse is a splendid sight, led round the walking ring, but Mr. Fitz is every bit as splendid. Mr. Fitz has been training race horses for 62 years, and when he travels his retinue goes with him—his son John, his old friend Captain Byrne (once of the New York City police), Tommy Quinn, exercise boy, and Foreman Bart Sweeney. Bent, kindly, his bright blue eyes alert, Mr. Fitz had not taken my hand in greeting when I knew that this was one of the great ones of the earth. At the barns they like to talk about him. "He don't miss a trick," the boys tell you. "If you flip wise, Mr. Fitz he cracks right back. Once, at Hialeah, I ask him, 'How many grandchildren you got up there in New York State, Mr. Fitz, sir?' 'Oh,' he says to me, 'I dunno, 21, 22. Every time I go



MR. FITZ: "BENT, KINDLY, HIS EYES ALERT"

North," he says, 'somebody's fooled.' "

Walking to the track with Mr. Fitz is wonderful. No horse passes, no one rides by but the old man is greeted. "How's things, Mr. Fitz? How's it going, sir? Haven't seen you round a long time." Mr. Fitz, it seems, has not been to Louisville since 1942. "Since Apache" was the way they phrased it at the track. (In this business you tell time by horses, not by the calendar.) At our old place along the backstretch we watch as yesterday, but this time with the added thrill of recognition. This time we are not strangers, we have been here before. George Taniguchi's dark foreign face is familiar as he rides by. I even venture a greeting. I recognize, too, the pretty girl on the chestnut horse, galloping close to the fence, working a colt for her father, who is a trainer. "It's a fast track here at Louisville," Mr. Fitz says. . . . "No thanks, I don't want a chair. I can lean on this." He waves his crutch. "I don't come here often. Too far. I don't ship good in planes. Yes, we tried Bold Ruler with blinkers. Thought he might be loafing, way he was going. He's cunning, that horse. Tried the blinkers. Didn't make no difference. He runs better without them."

Three colts tear down from the chute toward us, really breezing it this time. On the oval track a colt approaches the nearby curve, where the chute joins the straightaway. There will be a collision surely; the pace is terrific. I clutch my companion, I all but clutch

continued

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HOW YOU, WILLIE?

continued

Mr. Fitz. Heads pound, the earth is shaking. There is a near miss, and the horses are gone down the track. I breathe again. Everybody talks at once. "Why don't they close off the chute? What kind of business is this, might damage half a million dollars worth of horse, why doesn't somebody do something?" Everyone looks at Mr. Fitz, where he leans on his aluminum crutch. "It's a hard situation," Mr. Fitz says easily. "Yes, a hard situation." Patently, nothing is to be done. Mr. Fitz is not worried. Indignation subsides at once.

We take our leave of the Fitzsimmonses, father and son, and make our way across the grass to Calumet headquarters. Gen. Duke is out, his boy walking him. Iron Liege stands while they wrap his ankles. Magnificent animals both, Willie Hartack lounges nearby, talking to a newspaperman. Hands in the front pockets of his tight khaki trousers, Willie squints in the sun, looking up as Bardstown passes with his trainer, Jimmy Jones. "He runs real nice," somebody says. Willie nods. He himself will ride Gen. Duke this afternoon in the Derby Trial. My companion, bearing a name well known to racing stables, puts his query. "Well, Willie, anything new?" Willie rocks on his heels. "I'll know more tonight," he answers. Plainly, this is all Willie is giving out. He glances at the barns. "But I'm not worrying about the other horses. I'm not thinking about them. I'm just worryin' about mine. About my own horse."

At this moment, irrelevantly, I spy across Willie's shoulder a big bird dog standing by the fence, tail out at stiff attention. Nobody is near him. With absolutely nothing but garbage cans to point at, there is something come in the situation. "Look!" I exclaim. "What's that dog pointing?"

Willie swings round. "Grasshoppers," he says. "That dog's pointing grasshoppers." The dog rushes and Willie laughs, green eyes alight under long lashes. It is the smile of an imp, a devil, enchanting, very very tough, and it changes Willie's face altogether.

We take our formal leave. "Seeing you," Willie says. He lifts a hand briefly in farewell. "Nice meeting you, ma'am," he tells me politely.

POST time on Tuesday is 2 p.m. Nine races are scheduled, the seventh is the Derby Trial. The Calumet entry of Gen. Duke and Iron Liege is favored.



IT WAS A CHILLY DERBY: "THE CHIFFON FROCKS ARE PARTLY HIDDEN IN MINK STOLIES"

We park our car and enter the columned clubhouse by way of a brick floor, wide as a street. Attendants in bright yellow coats take our tickets, pin tags on our shoulders. We mount the clubhouse stairs with the crowd, settle comfortably in our box and look out over the track.

It is all as I had pictured. The infield, wide and green within the oval track. Flower beds in formal patterns, fountains squirting meagerly over piles of gloomy, operative rock; tote board in center with a planted live horse-shoe growing *en face*. Today the stands are full but the infield is empty of spectators. Yellow benches, green and white benches await their crushing loads of Saturday.

A bugle blows . . . the horses break from the barrier. First race . . . second, third . . . fifth. I study my program; I am absorbed in this thing from brain to toe and I must struggle not to ask too many questions. It happens I have never bet on a horse in my life, not from principle but because I wasn't around when they were running. In the program my eye lights on a name, a jockey's name: J. Adams, riding Slight Go. "Here," I tell my neighbor in the box. "Please take this down and bet on Slight Go. A woman oughtn't to live a day longer if she won't back the name of her own book."

Slight Go lets me down badly. One race more and then the seventh, the Derby Trial. My money is on Calumet. The bugle sounds. As the horses make the turn, the grandstand rises as a man and begins to yell: "Come on, General Duke; Iron Liege, oh, come on, baby." A woman in the box beside me says plaintively, in a high thin voice that carries above the tumult:

"Henry, that's double iris out there in the left bed."

Henry's reply is inaudible. The shouting dies abruptly, the race is over. Federal Hill, surprising the field, has won. I am poorer and I recall the words of an expert, yesterday, "The Derby Trial isn't a very sincere race." I am not familiar with that use of the word. What can it mean? Never mind. There rises within me a surprising new sensation, warm and eager. "On Saturday," I hear myself saying loudly, with all the confidence of perfect ignorance, "on Saturday I am putting every cent I brought to Louisville on that horse, Bold Ruler."

THE breeding farms at Lexington, 70 miles away, are a contrast in green quiet. We stop first at Calumet, where neat red-and-white stables mark the driveway. All the grass in the world is here between white fences; if you take a blade in your hand it has a blue tinge, after its name. The stallion barn is immaculate: there is a pleasing smell of leather, ammonia and horse. On the stalls are names that surely read like music to the initiated: Citation, Mark Ye Well, Ponder. In another big barn nearby, leg bandages and cotton padding hang in the tack room, drying. An indoor training track runs all the way around the barn. What this elaboration of perfection must cost, in capital and upkeep, is beyond me. I prefer to put it from mind.

Outside, the paddock fences curve at the corners. I do not ask why, but the lack of angle is pleasant. . . . Bull Lea! There he stands, alone in glory, the celebrated sire, monarch of the stud. Slowly, peacefully, he ambles toward us by the fence.

Five miles down the Paris Pike the C. V. Whitney farm fences are crocotted a businesslike black. No tourist markers inside the gates, no keep-off signs; the farm differs from Calumet as widely as two places with one purpose can be different. The main house, a stone cottage, is modest; in the office we are welcomed courteously. Eleven hundred acres, each square foot seeded, combed and tenderly cared for. Yet the whole preserves a homely, workaday face that is somehow human and appealing. Now in early afternoon the stallion barn is empty. At its door a Negro, handsome, elderly, greets us. Robert Harris, his name is, and he has been Mr. Whitney's stud groom for 34 years.

Harris leads us to the first paddock, whistles to the bay stallion cropping grass within. "Come on, Joe. Come on, boy, talk to us." This is Phalanx (no mere Joe to us), sire of Fisherman and Career Boy and runner-up in the 1947 Kentucky Derby. A coal-black bull stands at the far end of Fisherman's paddock. Surprised, I question Harris. "Turkeys can't be raised with chickens. How is it you have cattle in with your stallions?"

"Seems like it's healthy," Harris answers, "having cattle with the horses. At first, though, the bull run Fisherman around. Really run him." Harris chuckled, led us to Mount Marry's paddock, then to Mahmoud, the white stallion, 24 years old, winner of the 1936 English Derby. We say

continued



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THE DERBY CROWD: "A HILLING ANTHILL"

HOW YOU, WILLIE?

continued

goodby, complimenting Harris on the beauty of the place, so plain and professional, with its own especial charm.

"Mr. Whitney don't like things for show," Harris says proudly. "He likes everything for work, just work."

DERBY DAY

And now the great day is coming, is almost here. Crowds pour into Louisville by plane, by rail, by automobile. Just south of town the Wally Byam Caravan, trekking in from Florida, sets up camp, 50 happy travelers, jaunty in berets, the insignia of their outfit. At night, parades go by, downtown. Floats carry pretty girls, bands play, Louisville dances in the streets. At a famous distillery I eat a beef and fried-chicken luncheon with some 200 dedicated whisky makers; the dining room walls are hung with enough purple orchids to stack a florist's shop. No whisky drinker myself and desperate for a conversational opening, I inquire of the prophet on my right if one bourbon really does taste different from another bourbon. And if so, why? I am delayed with a response that lasts a full half hour.

On Friday it turns cold, the sky darkens, a wind comes straight from the pole. In hotels and motels, 50,000 wives, alarmed, open their traveling hatboxes and look anxiously at that cartwheel straw with the big flowers, that boat-necked chiffon frock bought especially for the Derby. The Patrick Calhouns launch their famous Friday cocktail party on a wide hospitable lawn. I attend this distinguished occasion dressed in what I consider a remarkably smart printed silk, entirely concealed by two brown sweaters and a raincoat which I keep on to the bitter (and it is a bitter) end. On the terrace I count 13 full-length mink coats, envy all 13 owners and wonder if the excellence of my mist julep is worth freezing my left hand which holds the glass.

At 11 that night we go on to late dinner at the River Valley club, a handsome establishment set on a high bluff overlooking the Ohio River. Women are dressed to the teeth and show their jewels, glittering and gay. We dine at long tables, a private party to each table; my hosts are the Tom Bullitts. At my right is the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Mitchell. Across the board Mr. Postmaster General Summerfield good-naturedly parries

endless banter concerning the late postless Saturday. Driving home very late, we see the whole world up and celebrating. It is to be doubted if anyone in Louisville ever went to bed before 5 a.m. on Saturday, May 4th.

Post time on Derby Day is 11:30 in the morning. The Derby being the seventh race, we have time to stop at the Barry Bingham's for their traditional Derby Day brunch on the crest of Steep Hill. Their great comfortable brick house seems built for one purpose: to receive a host of Bingham friends and feed them juleps, chicken with mushrooms and little hot delicious pancakes.

It is hard to break away. But the Derby is what matters. It is for the Derby that the world converges today on Churchill Downs.

We park the car and seek the nearest entrance, across the infield from the grandstand. We plunge into a tunnel, shoving and being shoved.

For no logical reason I find myself laughing. Everybody is laughing. The tunnel is shadowy, filled with more fat women, white and Negro, than I ever saw in one place. Filled also with the Army, half-frozen in thin khaki shirts and wearing steel helmets. A Filipino boy wedged beside me asks what I'm betting on. Before I can answer I am swept away.

The infield is a moving, milling ant-hill. Ants, however, were never as cold as this. The wind is cutting, the gray sky too close; at any minute it might snow. A woman huddles on an up-turned box, wrapped from head to foot in a white sheet except for one hand, which holds a glass. I have just time to wonder where she got the sheet; does one come to the Derby complete with white cotton sheets? In a razzamackle dugout made of cardboard cartons a whole family is sheltered from the wind—six people at the least. I laugh in passing, and they wave, inviting me in for a drink. People walk around wrapped in blankets, wrapped in newspapers, anything they can find. Blanketed bundles on the ground must be, I decide, lovers, reverting to a good old New England custom.

Somewhere—back of the tote board, perhaps—the fire department is discreetly hidden. No chamber of commerce would care to advertise the doubtful condition of these old wooden stands and horse barns. Our seats are on the third floor of the clubhouse, a few yards before the finish wire. From here the infield looks gala, very

continued



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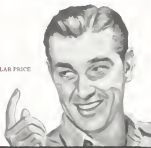
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HOW YOU, WILLIE?

continued

different than when we crossed it. Guards in red and blue. Drum bands, brass bands, pretty majorettes with their batons. Here in the stands the flower hats appear, sure enough; the chiffon frocks are partly hidden in mink stoles, their owners look anything but warm. On the tote board the odds flash in yellow lights. We mourn that Gen. Duke was scratched and we note that Willie Hartack, who was to ride him, will be up on Iron Liege. It is now that I decide I have to bet on Willie. In the next box a man in a raincoat never takes his eyes from the racing form except to watch the board. I can hear what he says. He is knowledgeable, this one, a real horseplayer. He smokes unceasingly; after the sixth race he shifts to a long cigar. "Ten to one on Liege," he says. "That looks like an overlay. I like the price on that horse."

It is nearly 4 o'clock, we have stood for the national anthem. The bugle sounds for the seventh race—the Derby—the horses emerge on the track, the band strikes up *My Old Kentucky Home*. What with the wind and a buzzing hollow echo from a loudspeaker to the right, the song is unrecognizable. No matter, the horses are below us on the track, parading, the lead boys proud on their ponies. I see Jimmy Jones, trainer for Calumet, I see Tommy Quinn with Bold Ruler, and after a moment or two I see also what I am looking for. A tiny, bent figure in scarlet silks, crouched on a big bay horse. Willie Hartack, riding Iron Liege.

The horses turn and trot to the barrier. Seconds later there is a roar from the stands. The horses pass us, Federal Hill leading, Bold Ruler second. They round the curve. I lose sight of them individually. I am furiously vexed. Even with the glasses I can't tell which is which.

The horses round the last turn, they are on the straight. They are below us. Iron Liege is ahead by a length, but Gallant Man is gaining. Excitement possesses me as I never thought it could. (What do I care about horse racing?) Two seconds are two hours. Those lead horses, the two of them, surely, surely, they are neck and neck?

Bedlam shakes the grandstand. It is over. Iron Liege has won. Tears burn my eyes, and not because I changed my bet at the last minute and won \$34. Willie Hartack walks his horse to the winner's circle and accepts the collar of red roses.

How you, Willie?

(E.W.D.)

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GO-SOX GO AGAIN

continued from page 40

wanted to stick to it. He'll take your advice, but with a guy like that you better be right when you do tell him something. The first time you tell him wrong, he'll never listen to you again."

But Richards adds that "his temperament is just about perfect," and the players on the White Sox agree. He is friendly and pleasant and a hard worker; he has also managed to hang on to his sense of humor throughout some pretty tough seasons. One day several years ago he was being hit hard but was staying out of trouble primarily through the heroic defensive efforts of Jim Busby in center field. After Busby had made about eight circus catches, Richards went out to the mound. "How you feel?" Richards asked him. "Don't ask me," grinned Pierce. "Ask Busby. If he's strong enough, I can finish the game."

SPECIALIST, FIRST-CLASS

While Richards was managing the club, he preferred to use Billy every five or six days, holding him out of rotation against the weak clubs occasionally in order to spot him against the tough ones. "He never missed pitching against the Yankees or Cleveland, though," says Lollar. "Which, in a way, I guess, was a compliment, but if he had worked a little more often and in turn against all the teams, including the easy ones, he might have won 20 games a lot sooner."

Last year Marion used him every fourth or fifth day, and Lopez has done the same. This spring Pierce had trouble and only twice did he pitch well in exhibition games ("Just seemed tired, I guess") but when opening day rolled around, he was fine. He beat Score 3-2 in 11 innings. His next opponent was Score again, and this one he lost. But he beat Kansas City and Baltimore, and as the Yankees moved into Comiskey Park last weekend, Pierce prepared to go to work again. Trailing the White Sox by 2½ games and faced with the necessity of sweeping the series if they wanted to take over the league lead, the Yankees knew they had to beat not only Wilson and Harshman—but Billy Pierce, too.

That is precisely what they did, in three close games, which only proved once again that the Yankees are still the Yankees. The Go-Go Sox were still looking good, but the series made it all the easier to understand that despoiled skepticism of their fans. **END**



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BEGINNING

the extraordinary tale of a 15th century English nun
who launched five centuries of sport and literature:

THE LADY AND THE TROUT



TITLE PAGE OF "TREATISE OF FISHING WITH AN ANGLE"

What follows is the product of two years of research. The story of Dame Juliana Berners, creator in literature of the world's first true artificial trout flies and the progenitor of the vast amount of angling literature which followed, was produced under the editorship of John McDonald, one of America's foremost students and writers on angling. Alfred Duggan, Britain's eminent medievalist and author, discusses Dame Juliana

in Part I of the series, and presents a new rendering of her *Treatise of Fishing with an Angle* in Part II. In Part III, the Berners flies themselves are reconstructed on the basis of exacting research, tied by Professor Dwight A. Webster of Cornell University and painted in full color by John Langley Howard. In conclusion, Mr. McDonald, in a unique essay, ranges over the entire vast field of angling literature since Berners.

PART I

THE WRITING OF THE 'TREATISE'

BY ALFRED DUGGAN

THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK, the first to give instructions in the art of tying artificial flies, has been available in print for more than 450 years. But, as with many other ancient documents, the identity of the author is in doubt. What is definitely known of the appearance of the *Treatise* may be summarized as follows:

In 1486 the schoolmaster of St. Albans Abbey, who managed the second press set up in England, published a bestseller. At that time it was unusual to print original compositions; most early printed books are versions of classics long famous in manuscript. This bestseller was a hitherto unknown work, taken from an obscure manuscript then preserved at St. Albans; since it lacked an earlier title it was known simply as the *Book of St. Albans*.

The book, written in English, treated of hunting, hawking and heraldry; it was said to have been composed a generation earlier by Dame Juliana Berners O.S.B., late Prioress of Sopwell.

It appealed to a wide public because the chapter on hunting gave sensible advice in everyday language. Probably it revealed nothing that the experienced huntsman did not know already, but its sidelights on etiquette and on

the correct use of technical terms would be valuable to wealthy merchants who about this time began to mingle with the aristocracy.

This was before the days of copyright. Wynkyn de Worde, the businessman from Woeth in Alsace who was first Cuxton's partner and later his successor, printed another edition in 1496. In this version appears for the first time the *Treatise of Fishing with an Angle*, which purports to be another essay by the same author.

In 1532-34 Wynkyn de Worde published the *Treatise of Fishing with an Angle* as a separate work in quarto form. This is the edition I have used in this article. Since then the *Treatise* has always been in print. Throughout the 16th century new editions appeared. Other publishers attributed the whole *Book of St. Albans* to a mythical Sir Tristram, a knight of King Arthur's Round Table. It was believed that Sir Tristram of Lyonesse had invented the thousands of technical terms in which Tudor sportsmen delighted; and, since many of these terms were first written in the *Book of St. Albans* (though in speech they must be much older), the story got around that Sir Tristram was its author.



A TREMBLING WAIL ALONE REMAINS OF

Dame Juliana does not appear in any contemporary document, or in the later list of the Prioresses of Sopwell or the genealogy of the Berners family. Some historians are troubled by the title "Dame," which is seldom found before the 16th century. So it is not surprising that many scholars have doubted the existence of Dame Juliana Berners.

But the argument from silence is always weak, and I am inclined to believe in Juliana. If the schoolmaster of St. Albans found an anonymous manuscript there was no reason why he should not publish it as anonymous; if he wanted a fictitious author it would be natural to father it on a monk of his own community. On the other hand, if he was reluctant to attribute a sporting work to a monk, for fear of causing scandal, the same reason would make him unwilling to attribute it to a nun. If he needed a name for his title page, why not give it to Sir Tristram or Sir Geoffrey de Mandeville?

The Berners genealogy was drawn up to enumerate the ancestors of the

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alfred Duggan, student of ancient and medieval history, biographer and author of historical novels, is probably best known for his lives of Julius Caesar and Thomas à Becket. He was born in Argentina in 1903, but has lived in England since 1905. History has been his passion since he was a boy; he studied extensively in the field of Greek, Roman and Byzantine traditions. He turned to writing after serving in the British Army in World War II.





MUNNERY WHERE DAME JULIANA BERNERS FISHED AND WROTE *ST. ALBANS ABBEY*, STILL PRESERVED TODAY, IS VISIBLE IN THE DISTANCE

house; it might reasonably omit as irrelevant a man who died childless and unmarried. The annals of Sopwell show a gap for the years 1430-1480, the very period when Dame Juliana would have flourished. "Dame," from the Latin *domina*, is still the official title of Benedictine choir-nuns, though in most other orders the female religious are called Mother or Sister.

THIS is the common tradition concerning Dame Juliana's birth and ancestry. Sir James Berners, a well-authenticated historical figure, had by his wife Anne Beren three sons (and perhaps this putative daughter). In 1388 he was executed as one of the "evil counselors" of King Richard II. But under King Henry IV the family was restored to favor; the Berners estates were returned, and Sir Richard, eldest son of the executed Sir James, was created a baron.

The *Book of St. Albans* is written in the English of about 1450 or earlier, so Juliana must have been in the nurs-

ery when her father met his end. It is likely that she was born about 1385 and died about 1460. When she was a young girl, circa 1400, there would have been no dowry for her, and therefore no chance of her finding a husband. But her family was popular at court. She may have lived in the royal household, and gone stag hunting and hawking in state with King Henry IV. Stag hunting was the privilege of kings and great lords; only someone who had moved in royal circles could write a book about it. But we do not know how old Juliana was when she took her vows; she may have hunted for several seasons before she entered religion.

The text of her *Treatise* contains one clue to its date of composition: she refers to "that right noble and full worthy prince the Duke of York, late called the Master of the Game." This seems to be a reference to Edward, grandson of Edward III and second Duke of York. Edward died in 1415, which, it happens, was also the year Juliana entered the nunnery at Sopwell.

There was, of course, another Duke of York after Edward's death; but to the end of her life when Juliana spoke of the Duke of York, she would mean the "Master of the Game," the famous huntsman who taught the laws of the chase to a gay young debutante.

Assume then that Juliana Berners, of good birth but too poor to marry, entered the small nunnery of Sopwell about 1415. It lay just outside the great Abbey of St. Albans, whose abbot appointed the prioress. There is no record of serious scandal, but it was a lax and comfortable house. In 1388 the Abbot of St. Albans, as visitor, decreed that in future the garden might not be opened before the canonical hour of None (about 2:30 p.m.), and must be closed at curfew, which suggests that the ladies had been in the garden when they ought to have been in choir. The River Ver ran through this garden.

About 1440 Dame Juliana was, we assume, appointed prioress. She occupied her old age by composing treatises

continued

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BERNERS continues

on the sports that had amused her youth, and copies of these manuscripts lay about in the parlor for 35 years until the schoolmaster of the neighboring abbey came upon them and considered them worth printing. It all fits well enough.

In treating of hunting and hawking she recalled her girlhood in the fashionable world. But there was then good fishing in the Sopwell garden, no canon forbids nuns to fish, and it is likely that she fished, or pattered on the riverbank, until at last she died of old age.

She wrote of "Fishing with an Angle"; that means fishing with a hook, as opposed to fishing with nets or other implements. For the upper classes, this was a comparatively new amusement, and hers is the first known book of instructions; for the first time it is assumed that men well enough educated to read for pleasure will want to go fishing. The new pastime had a considerable vogue. In 1483 King Edward IV caught the chill that caused his death at a fishing picnic on the Thames near London. There is no record that any earlier king of England fished for amusement.

But it is obvious that a long unwritten tradition had come down to the gentle pious. For many generations travelers, outlaws on the run and soldiers foraging for food had carried hooks in their pouches; burdensome nets, too heavy for the wayfarer, were left to the professionals who lived by the waterside. Dame Juliana did not herself devise all the technical tricks she advocates; in particular, the queer composite baits she advises for float-fishing must have been first put together by hoary old water bailiffs intent on proving to their lords that the business of taking fish is more difficult than it seems.

Nuns are notorious for petty economies, and in the Middle Ages there were at least a hundred days in every year, counting Lent, Advent, Ember Days, all Fridays and the vigils of great feasts, when butcher's meat would be forbidden. That explains why Dame Juliana gives instructions for catching coarse fish which nowadays no one eats willingly. Minnows were presumably intended as bait for something better, but roach and dace were for the table of the unlucky ladies. They must sometimes have wished that their superior had chosen another hobby.

In the 15th century it was a mark of

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gentle breeding to be able to perform all the professional duties of sport better than the professional. Any vulgar rich man could buy good hounds or good hawks; only a gentleman or a professional could train a puppy or man a cyn. Furthermore, there were no shops dealing in sporting equipment. Dame Juliana therefore begins at the beginning, with instructions on how to manufacture rods and tackle.

THE first necessity is the rod. It must be long, for there is no reel, and the line is tied directly to it. The foundation is a considerable piece of timber: a pole of aspen, hazel or willow nine feet long and as thick as your arm. This must be cut in midwinter when the sap is dormant, then straightened in the heat of an oven and seasoned for a month in a cool dry place. You next bore a hole right through the center, from end to end, with a red-hot wire. This hole is enlarged by the use of progressively larger spits, beginning with the little spit on which small birds are roasted. (Any good kitchen would have a wide range of spits.) You then season your rod once more in wood-smoke. At the upper end a yard-long switch of seasoned hazel is inserted. At the top, and perhaps also at the bottom, a "crop" is fixed, made from seasoned blackhorn and bound with horsehair. Your line will be fixed to the binding at the top of this crop. The whole is strengthened at top and bottom by iron ferrules.

The final result is a strong springy rod all of 10 feet long, reinforced by bindings of horsehair and metal. The author claims that it can be easily taken down and assembled, and that when it is used as a walking stick no passer-by will recognize it for a fishing rod. This last seems a direct encouragement to poaching, but I find it hard to credit.

All this skilled joinery is to be done at home by the prospective fisherman himself.

The line also is made at home, of hair from the tail of a white horse. It may be dyed any one of six colors and, of course, the dyes must be fast. Instructions are given for compounding dyes from ingredients that would be found in any well-equipped kitchen; for it was then the custom to dye cloth at home. The colors required are yellow, green, brown, tawny, russet and dark gray, to be used in the appropriate state of the water.

Your line may be of any gauge from 15 horsehairs to one, according to the

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THE RIVER VIEW, above St. Albans, is still a peaceful little stream. Weed-choked

BERNERS

continuation

size of the quarry. Of course, the individual hairs will not be more than two to three feet long, so frequent knots will be necessary. To twist the hairs into a line, Juliana gives a picture of a most ingenious tool, a miniature rope-walk. The basic idea is that the hairs are held fast at one end of a short rod, and all twisted together on a little catch. She points out with regret that one bolt of the instrument, as she calls it, must be made of iron by the local smith; but all the other parts are wooden, and may be made at home. The picture makes the design reasonably clear, at least to householders who were accustomed to making their own ropes for work on the land. Presumably, since the seasoning of the rod must take the best part of a year, fishermen then were willing to learn by experiment the right way of twisting a line.

Even Juliana admits that the manufacture of hooks is tricky. Working in metal was no part of the education of a lady, and, though it is easy to bend a red-hot needle into the right shape, the tempering that will give it strength is more difficult. The tools needed—files, tongs, anvil, hammer, etc.—are very small; they may have to be made specially by a skilled smith. For once, in specifying materials she does not begin right at the beginning, with the mining



here, it deepens further up, still has trout. The old abbey dominates distant skyline.

of the ore; probably because at that time first-class steel was not produced in England. The best raw material is osmund, the trade name for bundles of little steel rods imported from the Baltic; or you may cut out one stage and begin with needles of various sizes, from miniature embroidering points to shoemakers' brads. Any handy man or woman should be able to bend the hook, sharpen the point and "raise" the barb at home.

These homemade hooks will have no eyelet at the shank for attachment of the line. Instead, fine silk is bound downwards towards the hook end of the shank; the free end is led through the "hosepipe" formed by the binding and attached to the end of the line. The author notes that the line should always be attached "within the hook" on the barb side of the shank; otherwise the hook will lie crooked under strain.

EXPERT in fishing for pike, where Juliana recommends a copper trace, there is no leader. At the other end the line is tied directly to the rod so that its length cannot be varied.

In the 15th century fly-fishing called for a very high degree of skill. For it was not a matter of persuading a fish to bite, then striking and hauling him in. Juliana expects her pupil to play his fish, if a big one is hooked on a light line, though if you are trying for a

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particular monster you should use a line strong enough to hold him whatever he may do. Her advice is perfectly sound: "Do not let him get out on your line's end straight from you, but always keep him under the rod so that your line may sustain and bear his leaps and plunges with the help of your erop and of your hand." Of course, if you can do that you can "lead him in the water until he is drowned and overcome." But she does not explain how you set about it.

There follow instructions on when and where to fish, what color of line to use in different conditions of water, and on tactics in general. Dame Juliana knows that the angler must keep out of sight, and that a shadow on the water is especially frightening. Her advice is the result of careful observation. But it may not be the author's observation; she may be repeating age-old country lore now written down for the first time.

The longest section of the short book is a description of the best bait for float-fishing for every kind of fish, throughout the year. Of course, all bait must be found by the angler, not bought in a shop; and the monthly calendar is needed because certain grubs and larvae can be found only at certain seasons. In this connection Dame Juliana sometimes confuses the two aims of her own fishing. Generally speaking, what she wanted was sport; but she could never forget that a basket of fish, however acquired, would be useful in the refectory. Unattended ground lines—baited hooks lying on the bottom—are still employed by English and Scottish poachers, but there is no more sport in this long-range method of baiting fish than in laying lobster pots in the sea. She devotes a good deal of space to describing the best baits for unattended ground lines.

To make her *Treatise* complete, she mentions every known method of taking fish without a net, though she has nothing to say of fishweirs except to deplore them as private encroachments on public domain and obstacles to navigation (a complaint as old as Magna Carta and a perennial grievance of the Middle Ages). And just as she feels she ought to begin by proving that fishing is morally more worthy than hunting or hawking, so she feels obliged to deal with every kind of freshwater fish, even those of which she is quite ignorant.

Naturally the salmon has pride of place, though it seems likely from her

writings that Dame Juliana has never angled for one. There were none in the little River Ver, though at that time they abounded in the Thames, both at Westminster and Windsor. She has seen salmon taken, but only in the nets of professional fishermen to supply the market. After complaining that salmon lurk very far out in the stream, she recommends various baits for use with a float; but the little detailed touches which make many of her descriptions so vivid are absent. She is repeating what she has been told, not relating her own experiences.

After salmon come trout and grayling, and then all the coarse fish of England—barbel, carp, chub, tench, perch, roach, dace, bleak, ruff, bream, flounder, pike, eel, minnow—whose pursuit is nowadays carried on from little folding stools by placid philosophers who value contemplation more highly than sport. These pastimes need not be treated at further length in this article.

Trout and grayling, usually mentioned together, are the game fish that really gave pleasure to Dame Juliana. She describes more than one method of angling for them. The "ground line lying" and the "ground line running" I take to be two forms of bottom-fishing with a baited hook. Presumably, the lying line was fixed at both ends, with a hook or hooks in the middle; the running line attached at one end only so that the hook moved with the current. Other methods are with a float and baited hook, or, "in leaping time," with an artificial fly.

Baits, of course, vary with the seasons, since they must be freshly gathered. There are several live baits which can be used without a float: minnow, lamprey or frog, the last so mutilated that he cannot swim. The lamprey, recommended as a bait for April, is not the edible fish which was so highly regarded as a delicacy in the Middle Ages, the indigestible luxury that caused the death of King Henry I. Here the author means the Thames lamprey, or "lampren," a little wormlike fish which is now extinct, or nearly so, but which used to be caught in enormous quantities on the Thames between London and Oxford. For human consumption it was sold pickled in barrels, rather like the modern sardine, but it was also sold alive, in large jars, as bait for fishing. In the 18th century lampren were sold by the thousand, and even exported to Holland for use by Dutch fishermen in the North Sea. Overfishing

continued



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BLERNERS

continued

destroyed the stock in the 19th century.

Another live bait, suggested for May, is the stone fly, an insect large and heavy enough to be threaded on a hook. Otherwise, in summer, Juliana recommends some astonishingly cumbersome composite baits. "In August take a flesh fly (blowfly) and the great red worm and bacon fat, and bind them about your hook." If this mass of fodder hit the water near a trout it might stun him even if he did not rise to it. In June another confection is advised, a red worm without its head tied to a codworm.

These baits are made from prey a fish might conceivably find floating naturally in the river. There are others, as artificial as any dressed fly, which must have a long tradition behind them. They could hardly be invented by deliberate thought, and their needless elaboration does not make them more effective than any other fragment of edible matter which may sometimes tempt a hungry fish. A wasp will not be more attractive after being haked in bread and its head coated with dried sheep's blood. The flesh of a cat, flour, hewswax, sheep's tallow and honey, all mixed up together into a little ball, seems to hint at sympathetic magic rather than first-hand observation of the diet of trout.

At length we come to the most important passage in the hook, the earliest description of artificial flies as a lure for trout. There are 12 of them, distributed under the six months from March to August inclusive. They are described as "the" 12 flies, as though the number were already fixed. In the Middle Ages they laked exhaustive lists, and they liked them all the better if they added up to a lucky number. Although artificial, the 12 are intended to represent insects which exist in nature, and to be used when these insects are on the water. And Juliana's flies caught fish. Some of them are still used today, when her elaborate baits have been forgotten.

These, save for one fly mentioned in ancient history, are the first trout flies recorded in history. I shall not discuss them here; they are the special subject of Part III of this series, where they will be illustrated and discussed in detail.

There follows an illustration, a woodcut showing typical hooks of different sizes. They all look very big, but we must remember that the picture was

not drawn by Dame Juliana; the engraver presumably followed her sketch in the manuscript before him, but engraving on wood often enlarges small objects. As a practical guide to making the tackle described in the letterpress, most of the illustrations printed by Wynkyn de Worde are useless.

The *Trentise* closes with a few paragraphs on sporting etiquette, pointing out especially the wickedness of poaching and of stealing from other men's fish traps. In all, it is less than 10,000 words long.

What can we make of it, as a practical guide to the tying of flies? It is notoriously difficult to put down clear instructions for a manual task, as anyone can see by consulting a cook book. Good cooks write vaguely, because they do not think in precisely measured quantities; writers whose instructions are easy to follow often describe uninteresting dishes.

It is the same with Dame Juliana. If a modern fisherman were to ask her the dimensions of her flies she would answer: "Make them the right size, which you know as well as I do. If you are in doubt, look at a live May fly. Those are the things you must imitate. If you still can't make up your mind, experiment with big flies and small. Then use the size that answers best."

We must remember that she was never in a hurry. To make a rod in accordance with her instructions would take a whole winter. She herself learned by trial and error, and she would not be distressed if her successors did the same. She set out to convey the novel idea of fishing with artificial flies; once the idea had been understood, details might vary, as, in fact, they are varied at the present day.

Oddly enough, Dame Juliana's instructions for making rods and hooks are more explicit. Her procedure for coloring a horsehair line is as detailed and thorough as a medical recipe, and contains measurements—as the 15th century understood measuring. They are not the measurements we learn at school. There are no feet or inches. She speaks of a yard, which at that time was usually 36 inches as now, though the cloth-yard was 30 inches; or of a fathom, which may be either six feet or the span of her outstretched arms. As a measure of time she uses the charming phrase "half a mile way": the time it takes a reasonable man to walk half a mile, say a little under 10 minutes. For weight she speaks of peas, beans and walnuts, not ounces and drachms. Everything is approximate,

continued

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BERNERS

continued

and you must use your common sense.

We may surmise something of her methods by noting the tools at her disposal. She takes for granted a full carpenter's chest, and pots and pans for use in dyeing her line; they would be found in any self-sufficient household of the Middle Ages. But for making hooks she specifies the implements needed. These are small sharp files, an iron clamp, a "bender" (some kind of vise?), a small pair of tongs, an anvil and a little hammer. She may have used vise and tongs to tie her flies. Scissors were not then in common use; for cutting loose ends of line she advises a sharp knife.

In other words, she is familiar with clamps and pincers. If her hooks were really as large as they are shown in the illustration, anyone skilled in threading needles and knotting silk for embroidery could have dished them with wool and feathers. She may have tied her own flies.

ALL the same, I am not at all sure she did. She relates at length all the processes needed to make a rod, and if her account of twisting and knotting a line is not easy to follow, that may be the result of lack of skill in literary composition (try writing directions for tying a shoelace, to be understood by a barefooted savage putting on his first shoes). These passages give me the impression that she is telling what she herself has done. But of the flies she tells us only what they should look like when finished. Her flies may have been tied for her by the water bailiff on the Sopwell estates. Yet she had very definite opinions about the kind of fly she wanted, and some of the patterns may have followed her own designs.

With this tackle, how would she fish? Wet, certainly, for there is no suggestion that her flies are waterproofed, and with all that wool on the body they must be on the heavy side. Besides, they have no legs or hackle, and

NEXT WEEK:

THE "TREATISE"

In a new rendering of Dame Juliana's original text, Alfred Duggan presents her discourse on why she considers

would not stand up on the water. Presumably she would cast downstream, for that is the older method. Lacking a reel, her line must have been difficult to manage. Perhaps after she had dropped her fly in the water she grasped the slack in her left hand and paid out gradually; then she might strike with a tug of the left hand and use her rod only to play the fish. When the fish was beat she might take in line in the same manner. If she could, she would avoid killing. In those days every angler hoped to bring back his catch alive, to be kept in a pail in the kitchen until the moment of cooking; ice was a costly luxury and there were no refrigerators.

By the way, she never lays down the proper length of a line. I suppose it varied with the individual fisherman: as far as you can cast and a little bit over.

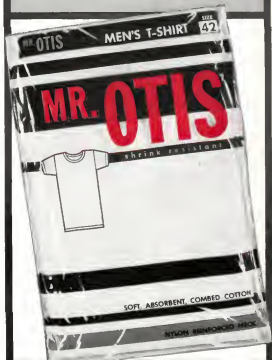
The frontispiece of her book shows a typical angler. He is sensibly and plainly dressed, though he has neither pockets, wallet nor purse; he must have carried all his gear in the tub shown in the background. He wields his great rod with one hand. It must have been very hard work.

There may never have been a Juliana Berners. Perhaps her name was invented to lend tone to a miscellany of sporting pieces. I myself believe she was a real person and author of the *Book of St. Albans*, for reasons I have given at the beginning of this essay. I like to think of the elderly prioress casting her flies in the convent garden, while through her mind run memories of the great hunts she had seen as a young girl at the court of King Henry. When she has finished her book of weighty instructions on hawking, hunting and heraldry, she thinks it might be amusing to add an appendix, something about the placid angling which occupies her old age. Five hundred years later the stately hunting "at force" which she described has long vanished and, save for a few rare enthusiasts, no sportsman mans a hawk. But the little after-piece on the least important of her many pastimes is a living book today.

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HUGH MCGOWAN

INDIANAPOLIS

TEX RICKARD: HE HAD IT
Sirs:

I met Tex Rickard (81, April 22 *et seq*) in his saloon and gambling casino in Tonopah, Nev. in 1900 or 1901 and want to tell you my story.

My instructions were exact. There was money to collect and to turn into Wells Fargo Express Money Orders. The Wells Fargo office closed at 5. On this memorable night I was late. Something had to be done. The stage did not leave until next morning and I could not sleep with that amount of gold and silver about me. So after supper I went to Rickard's saloon.

It was not hard to talk to Tex Rickard. He let you do it all and replied to my question if he'd take my cash with the word, "Sure." Reaching back he came up with a canvas bag saying, "Four 'er in." Tex wrote my name on the bag in pencil, turned and chucked it into the huge mouth of the safe. He did not count my money. He gave me no receipt. All he did was to say, "It's here when you want it."

I never had gambled but felt a slight token for his kindness was in order. At the roulette table I placed a dollar on the red, and the little ball spun around to land on a black pocket. Just then I felt a hand on my shoulder, and, turning, met face up with Tex Rickard. He did not smile. He did not *swell*. He said less than a dozen words, but those words have followed me all these years as a lesson goes true. What he said was this: "Ben, this is not yer game."

Men were either straight or crooked, there were no in-betweens, you either had it or you didn't. Tex Rickard had it.

VINCENT WOODBURY
New Braunfels, Texas

BASEBALL ISSUE: HOP, FLOAT AND JUMP
Sirs:

Regarding the article "Pitcher is a *float*" in *Golf* by W. H. "Burrhead" April 15, in *Real* Admiral Dan Gallery, I would like to know what effect aerodynamic theory would have on a knuckle ball. Also, some people say that when a fast ball pitcher has an exceptionally good day, his fast ball "jumps." How does aerodynamic theory apply to this?

RICHARD DE MOORE

Pittsburgh

• The knuckle ball's peculiar behavior, explains Philip Michel, aerodynamic engineer at Sikorsky Aircraft, is caused by the effect of surface air flow and pressure distribution on the ball's irreg-

ular surface, i.e., the seams. The knuckle ball "floats" up to the plate with a slight spin which causes the seam on one side to be oriented slightly differently toward the oncoming air than the seam on the opposite side. This causes asymmetrical pressure distribution on the two sides resulting in a net force perpendicular to the ball's path. Such behavior would be highly unpredictable, and it is the knuckle ball's unpredictability which makes it such an effective pitch, and one, incidentally, difficult for catchers to handle. As for a fast ball "jumping," aerodynamic engineers doubt that forces can be applied to the fast ball to make it jump or hop.—E.D.

BASEBALL ISSUE: WHAT CURVE?

Sirs:

Before the pitchers begin breaking their arms in attempts to throw the Admiral's curve, perhaps it should be explained just what forces are involved in shifting the position of the axis of rotation of the spinning baseball, which in this instance is a groove, with inherent scale orientation.

D. F. MURPHY

Manhattan, Kansas

• Theoretically the curve is possible because of the "lift" force, which causes the ball to break when the axis of spin is exactly perpendicular to the ball's flight path. The axis of spin can be given a small angular velocity about another axis perpendicular to the spin axis. A simple analogy would be spinning and flipping a pencil simultaneously. The pitcher, through wrist motion, spins the ball and at the same time causes the spin axis to tumble at a slow rate from a point where it is aligned with the flight direction (and where there is no lift force) to a point where it is perpendicular to the ball's flight path. At this point the lift force would be at its maximum, causing a sudden increase in flight-path curvature. In other words, the ball would "break." If all this was simpler, we would presumably have more good pitchers and, as Admiral Gallery pointed out, now is the time to put these theories to test in a wind tunnel.—E.D.

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BASEBALL ISSUE: MAN MISSING

555

It was only a natural reaction to be a bit disappointed in your magazine's major league baseball edition as it omitted any mention of Curtis Barclay of Missoula, Mont., pitcher for the New York Yankees.

We saw the strong rookie right-hander in action during the grapefruit season and in sterling performances against the Cleveland Indians he demonstrated the control, speed, curve and poise to make the grade. Harling won 15 games for the Minneapolis Millers in the American Association last year and so he may be a shoo-in for the arm for the Giants' hurling staff.

I'll bet you a Montana sirloin that Curt Barclay does himself proud on the hill for the New Yorkers. Methinks Johnny Antonelli and Ruben Gomez will welcome the "Sal Maglio of Montana" ere the season is over. For alone.

JOHN T. CAMPBELL

Muscular Men:

● In his first game (against Philadelphia) Barclay was unable to get a batter out as four runners crossed the plate. But hang onto that string—the Magpies were not made in one day. —E.D.

BASEBALL ISSUE: MEAT MAN

Hypox

If Jack Tighe, the Detroit manager, is a vegetarian, then the hot dogs sold at Briggs Stadium are made of Grade A U.S. Government-inspected soy beans. They are not Jack Tighe, a heavy consumer of same, is not a vegetarian.

NIMMO & NICHOLSON

Discussion

• *Correct.*—ED.

BASEBALL ISSUE: STAR COACH

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In the Baseball Year (SI, April 1), analysis of New York Yankees you said, "Unlike Stengel, who never played in American League, his three coaches are all former Yankee stars; Bill Dickey, first, Frank Costello, third, Jim Turner (pitching)." Please advise when Jim Turner was a "Yankee star" other than a star coach of pitchers, who has made Stengel look good. I think he was an old Boston Brave.

R. W. JENSEN

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● Irv Turner pitched for the New York Yankees from 1942 to '45. He was with the Boston club from '37 to '39 and Cincinnati '40 to '41.—E.D.

BASEBALL ISSUE: MURRAY'S LAW (CONT.)

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Referring to James Murray's well-written and thought-provoking article, *Four Is the Winner*, I should like to cite three players, Thomas Wagner, Stan Musial and Tommy Henrich as both team players and winning-team players.

Honus in his Pittsburgh penum had a 14-year record of four pennants, four second-place finishes, four third-place finishes and

[illegible]

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**1980
HOLE** continued

one fourth-place finish. He was on one World Series winner in 1908, and in that Series he out-hit Cobb 338 to 231 and out-steals Cobb by six to one. (In two of Wagner's pennant years, no World Series games were held.)

Musial, in one of the Cardinals' peak periods, played on four pennant winners and five second-place finishes over a nine-year stretch. Stan played on three winners in four World Series.

Citing that ballplayers' hallplayer, Tommy Henrich, need take nothing away from Dickey, DiMaggio, Beera and Rizzuto—all rightly identified by James Murray as team players. Tommy's winning record rather closely parallels that of DiMaggio.

At one time or another, the entire trio of Wagner, Musial and Henrich played both infield and outfield during pennant-winning years for their teams. This seems to me an additional indication of their having possessed the team-player attitude.

ERNEST S. GREEN

Brooklyn

Sir,

As a young lieutenant, I took two weeks' fasting instruction from Ty Cobb. He worked with me on the technique of batting, but I can assure you that each day he talked about the importance of winning and about competitive spirit "Cobb Syndrome" that's a very big word James Murray uses in describing such a skillful and stressless competitor.

Babe Ruth was our greatest ballplayer, in my opinion, with Ty not far behind.

COLUMB RED REEDER

West Point, New York

BASEBALL: THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

Sir,

Shades of the late, lamented Henry L. Menckin! Watching the local community erect a sign announcing a drive for funds for Little League park improvements, I called the attention of the assistant manager to the fact that the batter painted on the sign was batting cross-handed.

"Well," he replied, "that's a bad example for the kids, to have that batter batting cross-handed."

Later in the day several others corrected me with "You don't mean cross-handed you mean cross-handed."

I wonder if other localities have other names for holding a bat in a way to inhibit broken wrists, to say nothing of losing power?

ED CONROY

Highland, N.Y.

BASEBALL ISSUE: ANNIVERSARY

Sir,

Seeing the Special Baseball Issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED brings to my mind that it was just last year that I began reading your magazine. After I had read about three issues, I became a subscriber. Looking back, I wonder how I did without it.

Our family receives many magazines of all types, and you can guess which one everyone grabs for first. . .

MAX ARTHUR FLECKEN

Dayton, N. Dak.

Are your home and neighborhood prepared for the next 10 crucial years?

Check what you can do today to enjoy better living conditions tomorrow. Remember that neighborhoods change with the times. Yours is directly affected by our present expanding economy, by the neighborhood consequences of national growth and problems like these:

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Each year, for approximately \$10 billion spent in new housing, blight wipes out almost \$5 billion worth of housing. . . we gain only 50¢ for every dollar spent in new and always necessary construction.

You and your neighborhood should plan for the future



Too often a neighborhood fails to act in time. Blight breeds in one home and spreads outward to damage entire communities.

Or a neighborhood is forced to grow haphazardly, in a dangerously ill-planned fashion. Act now to strengthen and safeguard your home and neighborhood. Stay alert for signs of household blight. Support your local groups that seek better neighborhood living conditions.

Start right here. Use the checklist at right to evaluate your home. Take pride in your own property - work with your neighbors for the community good.

ACTION and many local groups can assist you now



ACTION—the American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods—is a national citizen organization dedicated to home and neighborhood improvement. It has already aided many individuals and groups. It can help you.

Get the local facts first. For information on your community's improvement program, contact your:

Planning Director, Elected Officials,
Housing, Redevelopment and Renewal
Officials.

For local information on home repair, neighborhood and civic group programs, contact:

Business Groups, Realtors, Builders and
Building Materials Suppliers,
Service Clubs and Civic Affairs Groups,
Special Advisory Commissions and Councils,
Health and Welfare Agencies.

If you need further advice on a specific home improvement or group project, write ACTION asking for the exact information you need.

How up-to-date is your home?

	YES	NO
1. Are your floors and foundations sound and your trusses firm?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2. Are bedroom conditions sanitary, between facilities adequate?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3. Is your roof leakproof, eaves and chimneys in good repair?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
4. Is your property painted, grounds properly kept up?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
5. Is your household heating supply safe and adequate?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Which of these useful hints can help you?

1. Many of your local merchants offer "makeup" prices that combine better financing, materials and labor.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2. An architect's advice often saves more than its costs in materials and service.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3. Your local Better Business Bureau or Chamber of Commerce will often recommend reliable home-repair specialists and merchants.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
4. Free cost estimates are given by builders, plumbers, carpenters, electricians and appliance dealers.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

ACTION

American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods,
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☐ "Time for ACTION?" Tell us how to direct and provide better citizens' special suggestions on individual and group improvement projects.

☐ ACTION Publications Catalogue: Complete list of all ACTION literature on home improvement, housing codes, urban design, urban improvement, urban action, urban urban renewal projects.

Name

Address

City State

Organization (if any)



Write for these helpful ACTION booklets now if you need further information or advice after consulting your local organizations.

GOOD NEIGHBORHOODS ARE OUR NATION'S STRENGTH

ACTION

American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods



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JOHN F. L. BATE

When John Bate climbs from his 40-foot ketch *La Rubia* onto her wharf he steps from his home to his hobby. As port director of San Diego, Bate watches from his harbor office during the day and from his boat at night over one of the busiest commercial and Navy harbors in the country. But it is San Diego's 5,000-odd pleasure-boat skippers who have profited most from Bate's affection for anything afloat. For them, and for visiting yachtsmen, he has created Shelter Island yacht harbor, an artificial, concrete-covered sandspit jutting into San Diego Bay. Here the crew of any boat can tie up for a night, take a hot shower, relax in the Polynesian lounge and get navigational help, all free of charge.



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